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Publications  
OF THE  
University of Pennsylvania  
SERIES IN  
Philology and Literature  
VOLUME X

THE TRAGEDIE OF CHABOT  
ADMIRALL OF FRANCE

WRITTEN BY  
GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY

Reprinted from the Quarto of 1611  
Edited with an Introduction and Notes

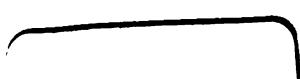
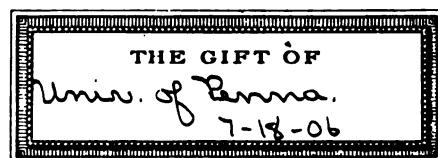
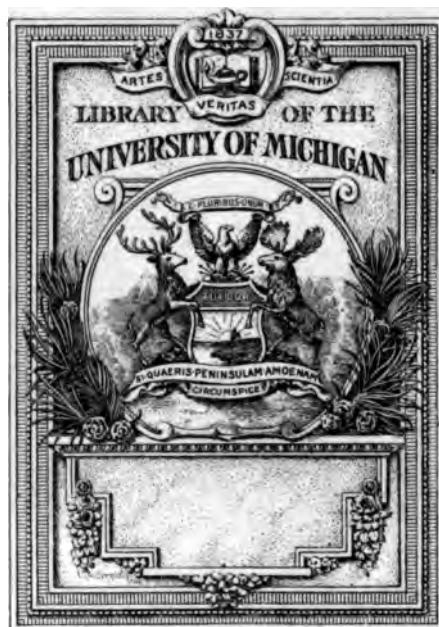
BY  
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*Published for the University*

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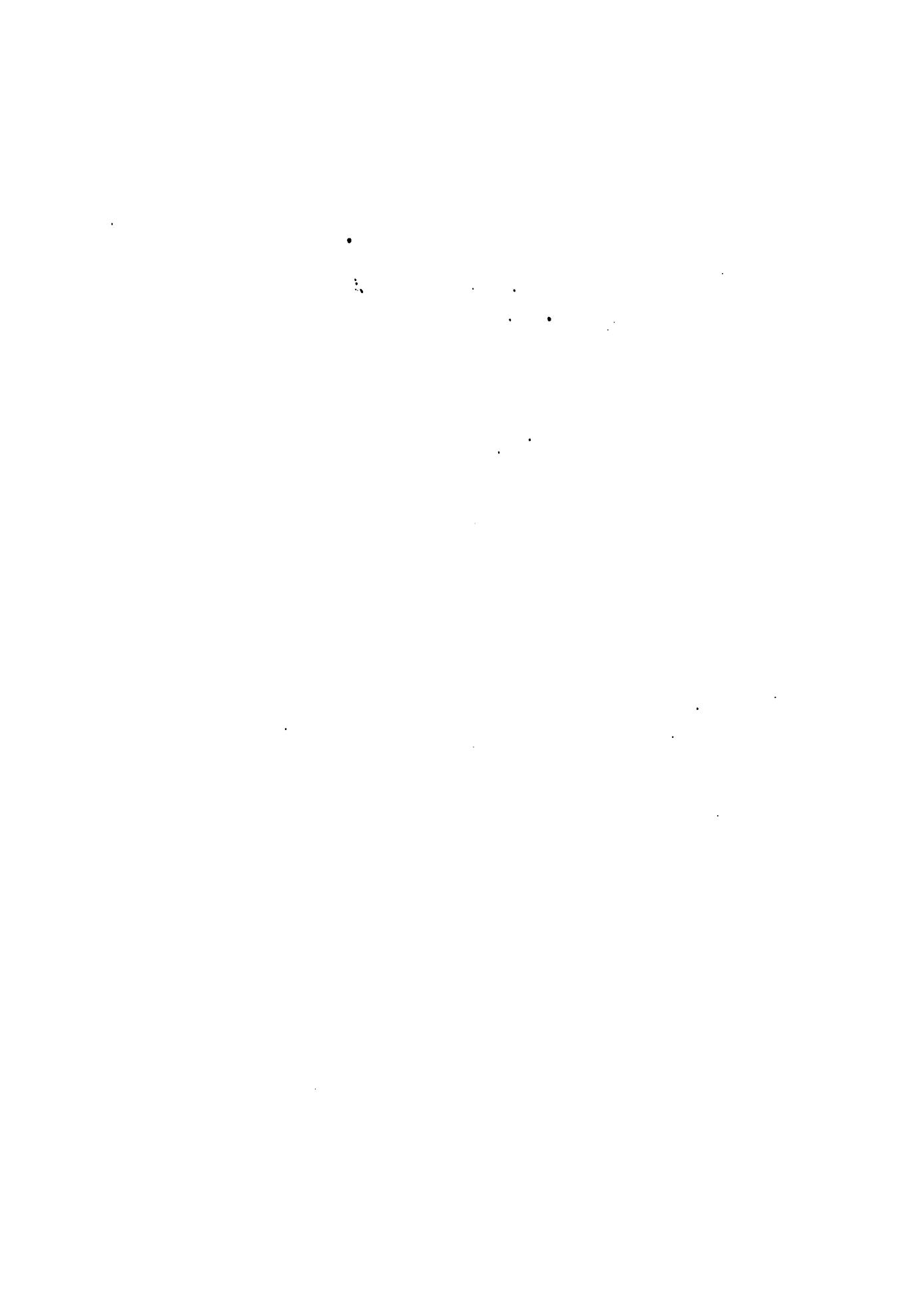
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## PREFACE.

The neglect of our older dramatic writers is a commonplace of modern literary comment. Until recently the student who sought to know the contemporaries of Shakespeare, was forced to make their acquaintance through texts marred by the excisions, interpolations and modernizations of editors who, by the very act of editing, assumed a literary censorship and tyranny over the unhappy subjects of their labors. Modern scholarship is no longer content with such work. Of late Manly, Bond, Boaz, Breymann and Wagner have done much to remedy this condition and have given us an accurate transcript of the writings of a number of the Elizabethans. Chief among the dramatists who have suffered from neglect is Chapman, for no satisfactory edition of his dramatic works has yet appeared. Through the labors of Gifford, Dyce, and others, the works of many of the older dramatists were collected and published during the earlier half of the last century, but it was not until 1873 that a similar service was attempted for Chapman. In this year a three volume edition, a reprint of the plays, edited by John Pearson, appeared; but, though commendable as an effort to reproduce the text of the quartos, it was incomplete and abounded in errors. A second collection of the plays, edited by R. H. Shepherd, appeared a year later, and included all the extant plays, either wholly or partly, by Chapman, and, in addition, several of unknown or doubtful authorship. In this edition

the text is modernized. Mention must also be made of the publication of five of Chapman's plays with a general introduction and editorial notes by Profesor Phelps, in the Mermaid Series, 1895. The lack of a satisfactory edition of all the dramas is partly compensated by the recently published excellent editions of separate plays, such as *Eastward Hoe*, by Professor Schelling, and *Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, by Professor Boas.

The following pages embody an attempt to reproduce the text of *The Tragedie of Philip Chabot, Admirall of France*, from the quarto of 1639. This drama was not republished until 1833, when Dyce included it in his edition of Shirley's works. It was also published by Shepherd in *The Works of Chapman*, 1874. In the present instance no liberty has been taken with the text of the quarto; the original spelling and punctuation are given, even in the case of manifest typographical errors. All emendations are relegated to the footnotes. The editing of this quarto, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, was undertaken at the suggestion of Prof. F. E. Schelling, to whom grateful acknowledgment is made for suggestions offered and assistance rendered. The quarto, a reprint of which is here presented, forms one of a considerable collection of old plays recently acquired by the University of Pennsylvania. As no other old edition of *Chabot* exists, the only collation necessary has been that which exhibits the suggestions and emendations of the modern editors, Dyce and Shepherd.

## THE TRAGEDIES OF CHAPMAN DERIVED FROM FRENCH HISTORICAL MATERIAL.

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There are a few writers who by reason of the length of their careers can scarcely be classified with any literary age. Among these was George Chapman whose seventy-five years, beginning almost with the accession of Elizabeth, stretched well into the reign of Charles I. No other period of equal length in the history of England witnessed so marvelous a political development or so splendid a literary outpouring. During these years England, under the direction of her great statesmen, became one of the foremost powers of Europe, while her Howards, Drakes and Raleighs made her mistress of the seas. Poets were not wanting to sing the glories of the reign of the Virgin Queen, but it was not until long after the days of the Armada that Chapman joined this great choir of singers. Though its fruitage was abundant, his genius flowered late. While other and younger writers experimented with Italian forms and strove to transfer Sicilian shepherds and their flocks to the meadows of England, Chapman remained silent, and it was not until sonneteering became the fashion of the hour that he joined the ranks of Elizabethan poets. Even then he sang not with them, but raised his voice in protest against their methods. Philosophy was to be his mistress, and to her service he dedicated himself and ceased not to sound her praises in both lyric and dramatic verse. Though he continued to write lyrics to the end of his career, it was with the drama that Chapman was principally concerned. For nearly forty years, except when engaged in Homeric

translation, he wrote for the stage. He saw the rise of the national drama with Lyly, Peele and Greene, its development in Marlowe, and its perfection in Shakespeare. He lived long enough to see also the beginning of its decline as the great body of Elizabethan writers passed one by one from the stage of action.

Chapman must have been on terms of intimacy with many of the great dramatists of his day. The first of these with whom he came into contact was Marlowe. In one of Chapman's earliest comedies, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, Marlowe's famous line, "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight" is misquoted. In 1597 that poet's fragment *Hero and Leander* appeared with four sestyads added by Chapman, who, addressing his own poetic genius, adjures it to

. . . . . "find th' eternal clime  
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood  
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,  
And drunk to me half this Musaeon story,  
Inscribing it to deathless memory:  
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep  
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;  
Tell it how much his late desires I tender  
(If yet it know not), and to light surrender  
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die,  
To loves, to passions and society."<sup>1</sup>

The "soul's dark offspring" undoubtedly refers to Chapman's *Shadow of Night* which appeared in 1594, and the above passage indicates that Marlowe urged him to publish the poem. It cannot be proved that it was Marlowe's influence that led Chapman to turn to French history for dramatic themes, but it can hardly be questioned that *The Massacre at Paris* acted as a new play Jan. 30, 1593,<sup>2</sup> exerted much influence upon him.

<sup>1</sup> *Hero and Leander*, Sestyad III.

<sup>2</sup> *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 30.

In his *Bussy D'Ambois* the characters are drawn after the manner of Marlowe. The hero of this play is modeled after Tamburlaine and several scenes in it recall similar ones in the plays of the earlier writer.

It is easy to overestimate the influence of Shakespeare on the minor dramatists of his time, but his influence on Chapman is unmistakable. *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, 1613, belongs to the tragedies of revenge. Clermont D'Ambois moralizes as Hamlet does. The friendship between Guise and Clermont is similar to that existing between Hamlet and Horatio. Koeppel<sup>1</sup> calls attention to the resemblance of a scene in *Byron's Tragedy*, 1608, to one in *Troilus and Cressida*. We find similar action, similar sentiment, similar language in the two plays. A speech of Ulysses<sup>2</sup> contains thought similar to that expressed by Biron in the first Act. In Act III: 3, of *Troilus and Cressida*, the Greek princes, pass by Achilles without greeting him; in like manner the courtiers of Henry IV pass by Biron, *Tragedy* IV: 1. Achilles mentions the behavior of the princes to Ulysses, saying, "neither gave to me good word nor look." Ulysses replies:

"Time hath a wallet at his back  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Biron remarks:

"How all the Court now looks askew on me!  
Go by without saluting, shun my sight."

D'Auvergne answers:

"We must . . . . .  
Follow their faces . . . . .  
. . . . . or be cast behind,  
No more viewed than the wallet of their faults."

<sup>1</sup> *Quellen—Studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> *Troilus and Cressida*, I. 3. 83 ff.

These resemblances are too marked to be accidental. Even though the date of Shakespeare's play is in dispute, it was certainly on the stage long before 1608.

It was in 1605 that *Eastward Hoe* appeared as the joint work of Chapman, Jonson and Marston. The subsequent imprisonment of the authors because of certain reflections upon the Scots is a well-known episode in the history of the drama. It is not likely that Marston and Chapman were associated in any other work. It is true that both had contributed to Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, 1601, but so had other poets. There is no reason to infer any social or literary intimacy from this fact. There must, however, have been a cordial friendship between Chapman and Jonson. In a letter written from prison, 1605, Jonson speaks in the highest terms of Chapman. The latter wrote verses, *In Sejanum Ben. Jonsoni et Musis et Sibi in Deliciis*, and two years later he contributed verses "To his dear Friend Benjamin Jonson His Volpone." Jonson told Drummond that he "loved Chapman." If the fragment, *An Invective written by Mr. George Chapman against Mr Ben Jonson*, found in a commonplace book preserved among the Ashmole MSS. was written by Chapman, it must have been the result of a temporary estrangement. It is aside from our purpose to discuss this curious poem, but there is nothing in it to justify the opinion that the poets had become permanently estranged. There was much in common between the two. Both were classical scholars, though Jonson was unquestionably the more widely read; both affected the same scorn for the "vulgar and profane multitude," and appealed from the reader "in ordinary" to the reader "in extraordinary"; both had definite ideas as to the moral lessons that their work should convey. Chapman's translations, poems and dramatic works called forth many poems of commendation, but these too are aside from our purpose. We shall speak at length elsewhere of his relations with Shirley.

Of the six historical dramas of Chapman it is remarkable that five were taken from French history, and still more remarkable that two of these dealt with events that were all but contemporaneous or at least within the memory of his audience. About fifteen years before Chapman's first tragedy was published, Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris* had appeared. The older dramatist had catered to the prejudices of his audience and presented the Duke of Guise as a monster of wickedness. Indeed the purpose of the play was not so much to deal with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's as to set forth the many plots in which Guise was concerned and the many murders of which he was supposed to be guilty. In addition Marlowe presented him as a blunderer, lacking in shrewdness, who was braved and insulted in a manner that must have made the groundlings howl with delight. The next plays treating of French History were the three by Dekker and Drayton. According to Henslowe these two authors had finished, or were engaged upon, a play entitled *The Civil Wars in France*, evidently in three parts as indicated by the dates: Sept. 29, 1598; Nov. 3, 1598; Dec. 30, 1598.<sup>1</sup> It is probable that these plays were intended to set forth the wars of Henry IV's reign. From what we know of Dekker's religious beliefs it is safe to infer that the dramas dealt with the confusion and overthrow of the chieftains of the League, events that were practically contemporary since the civil wars did not end until 1596.

Chapman was the next author to use French History. In 1607 appeared *Bussy D'Ambois, A Tragedie: As it hath been often presented at Paules. London. Printed for William Aspley.* This play deals with the adventures of Bussy D'Ambois, a braggart and impoverished captain who is taken up by "Monsieur," brother to the

<sup>1</sup> *Henslowe's Diary*, pp. 134, 137, 141.

French King, set on his feet and introduced at court. Bussy's blood is good and his audacity unbounded. He dares the Guise and affronts the best gentlemen of France, and backing his insolence with an all victorious sword, becomes a menace to his "maker" who resolves upon Bussy's destruction. Monsieur's hatred of Bussy receives an additional spur from the discovery that Bussy is enamored of the wife of Count Montsury, whose favor Monsieur has sought in vain. The Duke of Guise leagues himself with Monsieur. They discover that Bussy and the Countess Montsury have arranged a meeting. Count Montsury is informed, and Bussy is lured into an ambuscade where he is slain after defending himself with the greatest bravery. Like the majority of Chapman's plays, *Bussy* abounds in episodes which, though interesting in themselves, retard the action of the drama. The author does not hesitate to take liberties with history. Henry III, one of the most despicable kings of France, is presented in a rather favorable light, and great consideration is shown for the hero of the drama, who, historically considered, was a typical soldier of fortune, always following the faction or leader likely to afford the greatest opportunity for plunder. The language of his eulogist Brantome proves that he was a libertine and a Prince of Braggarts in an age when modesty was not regarded as a cardinal virtue. The source of the play has not yet been discovered: for Koeppel<sup>1</sup> has shown that the commonly received opinion that De Thou was Chapman's source, cannot be correct since De Thou's *Historiae Sui Temporis, Pars Quarta*, which narrates the history of Bussy, was not published until 1609.

The influence of Marlowe mentioned above points to an earlier date for the composition of *Bussy D'Ambois* than has usually been accepted. What is more likely than that Chapman, the friend of Marlowe, finding

<sup>1</sup> *Quellen—Studien, zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, p. 14.

that the theme of the *Massacre at Paris* was popular, determined to write a play of the same character? If this view have any weight *Bussy* must have been written in 1595 or 1596. In support of this view these reasons may be assigned: First, among the theatrical "properties" belonging to Henslowe in March, 1598, is a "Perowes sewt."<sup>1</sup> There is no other extant play of this date in which Pero is a character. Secondly, Meres<sup>2</sup>, in 1598, mentioned Chapman as renowned in tragedy. *Bussy D'Ambois* is the only known tragedy of Chapman's that could have been written thus early. Thirdly, if the line in *Satiro-Mastix*, "For trusty Damboys now the deed is done," refers to a play, it must have been to one written prior to 1601. *Bussy D'Ambois*, by far the most popular of Chapman's works, would naturally be referred to by his contemporaries.

The next work of Chapman's bore the title, *The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshall of France, Acted lately in two playes at the Black Friars, Written by George Chapman. Printed by G. Eld* - - - 1608. These plays are in reality but one continuous tragedy in ten acts, and deal with events that must have aroused deep interest in England. The Duke of Biron, one of the most powerful of French nobles, was well known to the English people, for he had been sent as an ambassador to the Queen only seven years before the publication of the dramas dealing with his death. Henry IV was upon the throne of France, and many of the other characters of the drama were still living in 1608. *The Conspiracy* treats of the treasonable plot into which Biron entered with the Duke of Savoy and a disgraced noble named La Fin. These designs were discovered, and the King sent Biron to England in the hope that he might learn wisdom

<sup>1</sup> *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 275.

<sup>2</sup> *Paladis Tamia, Haslewood, Arte of English Poesie*, II, 153.

there and abandon his plans against his sovereign. Queen Elizabeth, doubtless prompted by her royal brother of France, gave the would-be traitor advice, but he failed to take it to heart, and upon his return to France demanded the government of Bourg, a demand which marked the first steps of his plot. Upon being refused he behaved with great insolence toward his sovereign, who then revealed his knowledge of the treason in which the Marshal had been concerned. Overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, Biron sought the King's pardon, which was speedily granted him. Before long, however, as shown in *The Tragedy*, Biron was again plotting against the King. He was induced to come to court, where he was charged with his crimes but promised pardon if he would confess his guilt. Upon his refusal to admit the truth of the charges against him, he was confronted with the proof, thrown into prison and condemned to death. When too late, he sought to avail himself of the King's offer of pardon, but Henry was inexorable, and Biron was executed. Chapman has followed actual history with greater fidelity here than in any other of his historical dramas. Probably he was too faithful in his presentation of certain events. Koeppel has shown that the dramatist consulted three authorities—Matthieu, Cayet, and Jean de Serres. These sources are followed closely when dealing with episodes or descriptions. In many cases the language of the dialogue is an almost exact translation of the language of the historian, but in other places the merest hint or suggestion is expanded into a lengthy speech.

Mr. Fleay long ago pointed out the mangled condition of Act IV of *The Conspiracy*.<sup>1</sup> There is every indication that in the play as originally written Queen Elizabeth was actually introduced as a character represented on

<sup>1</sup> *Chronicle of the English Drama*, I, 63.

the stage. The curious mixture of pronouns in the speech of Crequie indicates a hasty revision of this portion. As originally written, this part of the drama must have consisted of an interview between Queen Elizabeth and Biron. Crequie in giving an account of this interview says:

"He said 'he was no orator, but a soldier,  
More than this air in which you breathe hath made me,'" etc.

The sudden change from the third person to the first indicates that the speech was originally spoken by Biron, but when the censor objected to this scene, it was changed into narrative form. A little farther on in the same scene a "councillor of great and eminent name" speaks, but his speech is a repetition of what had already been given. It is evident that this councillor's speech is a "stop gap" in place of a part stricken out by the censor. At the conclusion of the first Act of *Byron's Tragedy* a masque is introduced. The reference of Cupid to "a jar that was reconciled" and the concluding speech of Henry IV:

"This show hath pleased me well, for that it figures  
The reconcilement of my Queen and mistress,"

are pointless as the scene now stands. A dispatch of April 5, 1608, from the French Ambassador Beaumont, quoted by Von Raumer, explains matters. He sets forth that he had interfered to prevent the acting of the play, but when the "Court had left town they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil. The former having first accosted the latter with very hard words gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them were arrested; but the principal person, the author, escaped." From this dispatch it appears that both the French Queen and Mademoiselle Verneuil, the Mistress of the King, appeared in the masque, and that the quarrel

mentioned by the Ambassador originally formed a part of the masque. The speech of the King quoted above, thus becomes intelligible. It should also be noted that toward the end of Act IV of *The Conspiracy*, where Chapman is following Matthieu's narrative, the drama bears evidence of having been mangled. The French historian asserts that Queen Elizabeth concluded the interview with Biron by showing him the heads of a number of distinguished princes who had been beheaded for treason, among them that of Essex. The Queen's concluding words to Biron were, "God knows that the King, my brother, shows too much clemency. By my faith, if I were in his place, Paris, as well as London, should see heads cut off." Koeppel's conjecture that this scene was originally incorporated in the play, is highly probable. Naturally the Master of the Revels struck it out.

Mr. Dobell has recently published a number of letters from Chapman, Jonson and others. Two of the Chapman letters may properly be quoted because of their bearing upon the Biron plays. The first is a "Letter of Chapman to Mr. Crane, probably intended for the Duke of Lennox, who sheltered and protected the poet when threatened with arrest at the instance of the French Ambassador Beaumont, because of certain scenes in the Biron plays, 1608." It runs as follows:

"Sr—Not wearie of my Shelter, but uncertaine why the forme of the cloude still hovers over me, when the matter is disperst, I write to intreate your resolution; And all this tyme have not in his sort visted you, for feare I should seeme to give spurrs to your free disposition; But now (least imagininge me hotter of my libertie than I am, you should thinke me unhowsd, and not to have presented me with my first thankfull Appearance) I thought good to send out this dove; And though I am put, by the Austeritie of the offended tyme to this little pacience, yet can I not be so thanklesslye jelouse

of the knowing judgment from whence your actions proceede to retaine any thought of youre favours Repentaunce; or neglect of their extension in the safe retreat: when your dangerous charge for me was so resolute and worthie. I am the same I was when you thought me worthie of youre vertuous kindnes; and will ever remaine (whatsoever I may be)

Wholy yours in all affectionate  
Requitall.

For his right worthie and exceedinge good frend Mr. Crane:  
Secretorie to my Lord Duke of Lennox."<sup>1</sup>

The second is a letter of George Chapman to the Linceser of the Press in reference to the Biron plays:

"Sr—I have not deserv'd what I suffer by your austeritie; if the two or three lynes you crost were spoken; my uttermost to suppress them was enough for my discharge: To more then which no promysse can be ract by reason; I see not myne owne Plaies; nor carrie the Actors Tongues in my mouthe; The action of the mynde is performance sufficient of my dewtie, before the greatest authoritie, wherein I have quitted all your former favors, And made them more worthie than any you bestowe on outward observers; if the thrice allowance of the Counsaile for the Presentment gave not weight enoughe to drawe yours after for the presse, my Breath is a hopeles adition; if you say (for your Reason) you know not if more then was spoken be now written no, no; nor can you know that, if you had both the Copies, not seeing the first at all: Or if you had seene it presented your Memorie could hardly confer with it so strictly in the Revisall to discerne the Adition; My short reason therefore can not sounde your severitie: Whosoever it were that first plaid the bitter Informer before the frenche Ambassador for a matter so far from offence; And of so much honor for his maister as those two partes containe, perform'd it with the Gall of a Wulff, and not of a man: And theise hautie and secrett vengeances taken for Crost, &

officious humors are more Politique than Christian; which he that hates will one day discover in the open ruyne of their Auctors; And though they be trifles he yet laies them in Ballance (as they concern Justice, and bewray Appetites to the Tyrannye) with the greatest; But how safely soever Illiterate Auctoritie settes up his Bristles against Poverty, methinkes yours (being accompanied with learning) should rebate the pointes of them, and soften the fierenes of those rude manners; you know Sr, They are sparkes of the lowest fier in Nature that flie out upon weaknes with every puffe of Power; I desier not you should drenche your hand in the least daunger for mee: And therefore (with entreatie of my Papers returne) I cease ever to trouble you.

By the poore subject of your office  
for the present."<sup>1</sup>

From the first of these letters it appears that when the French Ambassador sought to have Chapman arrested for bringing the Queen of France and the King's mistress upon the stage, the author fled to the Duke of Lennox who gave him shelter and protection. The matter had been adjusted, but Chapman was still regarded with disfavor by the Licenser of Plays. He had evidently left the shelter of his protector without thanking him in person for his kindness. The letter explains why he did not seek a personal interview with the Duke. He was determined to discover why the cloud still hovered over him. The second letter explains the nature of this "cloud." Sir Henry Herbert, the official licenser, would not give the necessary permission for the performance of the plays. Herbert had evidently crossed out certain lines, but the actors had spoken the forbidden parts. Though Chapman had protested that he could not be held responsible for the action of the players, Herbert still withheld his consent to the presentation of the drama. Chapman complains bitterly against the

<sup>1</sup> *Athenaeum.* April 6, 1901.

person who informed the French Ambassador of the masque wherein the Queen appeared. He protests that no offense was meant, and concludes with a reference to the helplessness of one so poor as he, against ignorant authority. It is highly probable that his poverty was very real even at this time, yet no one can fail to admire the dignified expression with which this letter closes.

*The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois A Tragedie. As it hath  
beene often presented at the Private Play house in the  
White-Fryers. Written by George Chapman, Gentleman  
- - - are to be sold by John Helme - - -*, appeared in quarto in 1613. The hero of this play Clermont D'Ambois, a man of different type from his brother Bussy, is meditative and thoughtful, but not lacking in prowess. Charlotte, the sister of Bussy, is represented as a woman of great spirit, who would consent to marry her lover Baligny, only after he had sworn to avenge the murder of her brother. Baligny failed to make good his vow, secretly incited the king against Clermont, and persuaded him to order the latter's arrest. This was accomplished by a novel device. The king sent Clermont to Cambrai ostensibly to review the troops under his command, but the monarch had sent secret orders to have him seized. Clermont received warning of the plot against him, but he refused to credit the information. He did, however, demand of Maillard, the Governor's Lieutenant, that he allow himself to be searched so that Clermont might discover whether there was any truth in the rumor that Maillard had orders to arrest him. Maillard assured Clermont that no such orders had been received. The latter accepted this statement as true and set out to review the troops, but was seized by two soldiers disguised as lackeys and brought a prisoner to Maillard. The Duke of Guise, the patron of Clermont, soon effected his friend's release. This part of the drama is drawn out to tedious length, but the last act moves swiftly enough. The ghost of Bussy appears and urges

Clermont to undertake the revenge which Balingy has neglected. He obeys the mandate, engages Montsurry in single combat, and slays him. Charlotte is present in disguise to take the place of her brother, if he should fall in the fight. Meanwhile Guise had been treacherously murdered by the King's order. A curiously ineffective scene, in which the ghost of Bussy and three other spirits appear and whirl in dance about the murdered corpse of Montsurry, concludes the drama. Clermont, his patron gone, commits suicide.

Koeppel shows that the episode of Clermont's arrest was taken from Pierre Matthieu's *Histoire de France et Des choses memorables aduenues aux prouvinces etrangeres durant sept annees de paix du Regne de Henry IIII Roy de France et de Navarre. Divisee en sept livres. A Paris.* This work must have been published not later than 1605. Biron's intimate friend, the Comte d'Auvergne had been arrested and imprisoned with him, but was afterwards released. Two years later, in 1604, the king ordered his re-arrest. This was accomplished in the manner set forth by Chapman in his account of the arrest of Clermont. Koeppel shows further that the dramatist followed the narrative of the historian with remarkable fidelity. In many cases the text of Chapman is a literal translation of Matthieu. The Duke of Guise was murdered December 23, 1588, by the emissaries of Henry III. Jean de Serres' *Inventaire General de l'Histoire de France*, published 1597, was the source used by Chapman for the parts of the drama dealing with the assassination of the Duke. Here, as in the previous case, the dramatist gives a literal rendering of his source. He had previously used both these authors' works in the Biron dramas.

One of the most surprising features of this drama is the manner in which the Duke of Guise is presented. This character in the first of the Bussy plays is a reproduction of Marlowe's creation. The theater-goer would

have no difficulty in recognizing the "monster of St. Bartholomew's Night," "the blood hound of France," in the creations of both dramatists. Both make him the butt of ridicule. Bussy braves him to his face. When the Duke threatens to cut his throat if he does not cease his gallantries to the Duchess, Bussy exclaims, "That hand dares not do't—y'ave cut too many throats already, Guise; and robbed the realm of many thousand souls, more precious than thine own." In the quarrel, Act III,<sup>1</sup> Bussy gives the "lie direct" to the Duke and applies a series of vigorously insulting epithets to him. A little later the Duke is represented as a libertine. In Act V he and Monsieur are actively concerned in the murder of Bussy. Very different is the Duke in *The Revenge*. He is the patron of the philosophically inclined Clermont. Almost at the opening of the drama he is hailed—

" Well, thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,  
    Make with thy greatness a new world arise."

A little later Guise and Clermont are represented as whispering together

. . . . . "of something  
    Savouring of that which all men else despise,  
    How to be truly noble, truly wise."

When Monsieur suggests that Guise practises hypocrisy, he is reminded that it is "much more common to suspect truth than falsehood," that truth is not believed. On every possible occasion the good qualities of Guise are emphasized, until, in Act II, we find the extenuation, or rather the justification, of the Massacre of Bartholomew.

Ba. I fain would know  
How many millions of our other nobles  
Would make one Guise. There is a true tenth worthy.

<sup>1</sup> *The Works of George Chapman: Plays, ed. Shepherd*, p. 156.

**Who** (did not one act only blemish him)—

**Cl.** One act? what one?

**Ba.** One, that, though years past done,  
Sticks by him still and will distain him ever.

**Cl.** Good Heaven! wherein? what one act can you name  
Supposed his stain, that I'll not prove his lustre?

**Ba.** To satisfy you, 'twas the massacre.

**Cl.** The massacre? I thought 'twas some such blemish.

**Ba.** Oh, it was heinous!

**Cl.** To a brutish sense,

But not a manly reason. We so tender  
The vile part in us, that the part divine  
We see in hell, and shrink not. Who was first  
Head of that massacre?

**Ba.** The Guise.

**Cl.** 'Tis nothing so.

Who was in fault for all the slaughters made  
In Ilion, and about it? were the Greeks?  
Was it not Paris ravishing the Queen  
Of Lacaedemon? Breach of shame and faith?  
And all the laws of hospitality?  
This is the beastly slaughter made of men,  
When truth is overthrown, his laws corrupted;  
When souls are smother'd in the flatter'd flesh,  
Slain bodies are no more than oxen slain.

**Ba.** Differ not men from oxen?

**Cl.** Who says so?

But see wherein; in the understanding rules  
Of their opinions, lives, and actions;  
In their communities of faith and reason.  
Was not the wolf that nourish'd Romulus  
More humane than the men that did expose him?

**Ba.** That makes against you.

**Cl.** Not, sir, if you note  
That by that deed, the actions difference make  
'Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor forms.

Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights  
Been broke by Troy, Greece had not made that slaughter.  
Had that been saved (says a philosopher)  
The Iliads and Odysseys had been lost;  
Had Faith and true Religion been preferr'd,  
Religious Guise had never massacred.

In the remaining part of the drama no opportunity to sound the praise of the Duke is let pass, and when at last he is treacherously slain, Clermont kills himself, being unwilling to live after the loss of so noble a patron. One can imagine how astonished the Protestant Englishmen must have been to see the Duke of Guise thus presented to their view. It would be interesting to know how the innovation was received. Of still greater interest is the reason for Chapman's changed attitude toward the Duke. It was certainly not due to dramatic exigencies, and the author must have known that the change would not be popular with an English audience. The reason is probably to be found in the deep moral earnestness that characterizes all Chapman's later work. To a mind of philosophic bent, the religious passion and hatred of the unreasoning masses must have been humiliating and disgusting. His scorn of the "profane multitude" was unquestionably sincere. An examination of the facts pertaining to the massacres and religious wars that so long paralyzed the energies of France must have convinced him that the blame lay not alone with one party. He believed that the objects of tragedy were "material instruction, elegant and sententious excitement to virtue and deflections from her contrary"; and further, that "not truth but things like truth" should be sought. The author's purpose then must have been to call attention to the other side of the controversy by exaggerating the merits of the Catholic standpoint before a Protestant audience. There is another instance of a similar departure from

accepted beliefs in *Byron's Tragedy* where Biron is made to eulogize Philip II of Spain who was not less unpopular in England than was the Duke of Guise. In this case, however, a clearly defined dramatic purpose is served by the eulogy. Koeppel believes that Chapman had become a convert to Roman Catholicism and calls attention to the language used in *The Gentleman Usher*, Act V, where Strozza announces his intention to make a pilgrimage to Rome to offer at St. Peter's Temple the arrow head by which he had been wounded. He asks that no one shall deem this act a superstitious rite, for

"No act is superstitious that applies  
All power to God, devoting hearts through eyes."

To which Benevemus replies,

"Spoke with the true tongue of a nobleman.  
But now are all these excitations toys,  
And honour fats his brain with other joys."

There is undoubtedly much to support this opinion of Koeppel's, but I cannot regard his proof as complete, and the little we know of the subsequent life of the dramatist seems to indicate that he remained a member of the Church of England. The men to whom Chapman addressed his letters for aid were Protestants, as were those to whom he dedicated his poems and dramas. He opposed the Spanish marriage and did not fail to advocate loyalty to the King in all things. Moreover, Chapman's attitude is ever that of the philosopher who realizes that good and bad are strangely mingled in the affairs of men.

Prof. Boas has recently shown<sup>1</sup> that the generally accepted theory that Chapman went directly to the French historians for the material for his historical dramas is incorrect. There is a book bearing the

title, *A General Inventorie of the Historie of France from the beginning of that Monarchie unto the Treatie of Vervins in the Yeare 1598. Written by Jhon de Serres. And continued unto these Times, out of the best Authors which have written of that Subject. Translated out of French into English, by Edward Grimeston, Gentleman.* This work was published in 1607 by George Eld. Grimeston added to de Serres's narrative translations from the writings of Pierre Matthieu and Victor Cayet. Prof. Boas after a careful examination, asserts that Grimeston was the immediate source used by Chapman. It would seem, therefore, that his method was that of the majority of the dramatists of his age, to seek material in the nearest quarry. The elaborate theories concerning Chapman's sojourn in France, based on his supposed acquaintance with French history and language, cannot be sustained.

Before considering the historical accuracy of Chapman's dramatic presentations, it will be in order to note his theory as to the proper use of history in the drama. In dedicating *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* to Sir Thomas Howard, he writes: "And for the authentical truth of either person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth? Poor envious souls they are that cavil at truth's want in these natural fictions, material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary, being the soul, limbs, and limits of an authentical tragedy." In view of this statement it is perhaps unjust to criticise Chapman for historical inaccuracy, but it is only just to say that his dramas abound in anachronisms. I cannot agree with those critics who assert that the historical sense was highly developed in Chapman. His kings are stock characters, only slightly differentiated. He has respect for "the divinity that doth hedge a king" no matter how despicable the sovereign may be. His courtiers

are distinguished by their official rank, not by difference in character. His genius is essentially epic, and is at its best in scenes in which the hero recounts his deeds at great length, but the strength exhibited on such occasions interferes with dramatic action. This epic tendency results in the introduction of numerous episodes, only slightly connected with the main plot of the drama. In spite of these weaknesses Chapman manages to develop a kind of historical atmosphere which pervades everything and gives unity to his work. By means of this atmosphere he suggests the corruption and moral degradation of the court of Henry III. The recognition of these conditions by the reader is not due to the dramatist's ability in portraying character; for in his endeavor to convey "material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue," Chapman makes his dramatic creations from kings to servants, moralize and philosophize upon everything that occurs.

The last of Chapman's historical plays appeared in 1639 with the title *The Tragedie of Chabot Admirall of France: As it was presented by her Majesties Servants at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman and James Shirley. London. Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and William Cooke.* Chapman had died May 12, 1634. The play was licensed April 29, 1635, as Sir Henry Herbert's office book shows. The question at once arises as to the nature of Shirley's connection with the play. Fleay says: "Chapman wrote I., II., and the prose speeches in III. 1, V. 2 of the Proctor and Advocate . . . Shirley altered and rewrote the latter part, III., IV., V."<sup>1</sup> Dyce<sup>2</sup> believes that nearly the whole was revised by Chapman, an opinion which Ward<sup>3</sup> endorses. Swinburne writes "Of the author-

<sup>1</sup> *Chronicle of English Drama*, II, 241.

<sup>2</sup> *Shirley's Dramatic Works*, ed. Dyce, VI, 87.

<sup>3</sup> *History of English Dramatic Literature*, II., 444.

ship of Chabot there can be no question; the subject the style, the manner, the meter, the characters, all are perfectly Chapman's."<sup>1</sup> After a careful comparative study of Chapman's and Shirley's styles and methods I have reached the conclusion that the play was originally written by Chapman and subsequently revised by Shirley. There is scarcely a page upon which the peculiarities of the former's style are not discernible. The principal of these peculiarities are: involved sentences, tortuous thought, and the tendency to philosophize. On the other hand the evidence of revision is to be found in many places. The angular grammatical constructions are not so numerous as in other plays of Chapman, the thought is somewhat clarified, and there is greater degree of dramatic unity than is common in Chapman's plays. If the long drawn-out speeches of the Proctor-General were omitted, this unity of action would be more apparent. There is the same tendency to episodic treatment as in *Bussy D'Ambois*, but the episodes are better bound together and subordinated to the main theme. The letters of Chapman, published by Mr. Dobell, show that the poet was neglected and poor in his old days. It would be a pleasing picture to imagine the popular dramatist Shirley responding to the request of the needy old translator and helping him to bring his last drama before the public. Unfortunately, this can hardly have been the case, for Chapman had been dead nearly a year before the play was acted. It seems probable that Chapman had written *Chabot* about 1621 or 1622. He had been engaged upon translations and non-dramatic poetry from 1613 to 1621, but after the latter date he would have been free to return to dramatic composition. His tragedy, *Cæsar and Pompey*, was published in 1631, but in the dedication he declares

<sup>1</sup> *Essay on George Chapman's Poetical and Dramatic Works*, p xxxii.

that it was never presented on the stage and was written long since. It undoubtedly belongs to the period just mentioned. In all probability *Chabot* had<sup>t</sup> never been staged until Shirley revised it. The failure of Chapman's tragedies (excepting *Bussy D' Ambois*) was not strange. Aside from their want of true dramatic quality, and their involved style, they expressed sentiments antagonistic to the London play-goer and were lacking in acting qualities. It is impossible to conjecture how Shirley came into possession of *Chabot*. He was then (1635) at the height of his popularity as a dramatist; during the five preceding years eighteen plays of his were licensed, and all except one of these had been performed by the Queen's Men. It is easy to understand that when hard pressed he would be willing to revise any play that seemed likely to be successful. It is probable that the revision was made hastily: the play certainly was not entirely rewritten. Baker says it was "acted at Drury Lane,"<sup>1</sup> but undoubtedly the only authority for this statement is the title page of the Quarto. There is no other mention of its performance, and a second Quarto was not published. The failure of *Chabot* as a stage play was not remarkable. An audience accustomed to such plays as *The Gamester*, *The Example*, and *The Lady of Pleasure*, would be little drawn to one of so different a type.

Those who believe that *Chabot* was written jointly by Chapman and Shirley cite another play which appeared in Quarto with the following title: *The Ball, A Comedy, As it was presented by her Majesties Servants at the private house in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman and James Shirley, London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke and William Cooke. 1639.* The play was licensed November 16, 1632. Herbert adds the following note: "In the play of The Ball written by

<sup>1</sup> *Biographica Dramatica*, II, 90.

Sherley, and acted by the Queen's players, ther were divers personated so naturally, both of lords and others of the court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the play, but that Biston [Christopher Beeston] promiste many things which I found faulfe withall should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the poett any more, who deserves to be punisht; and the first that offends in this kind, of poets or players, shall be sure of publique punishment."<sup>1</sup> Chapman's name was joined by the printer with Shirley "in the bonds," as Swinburne says, "of a most incongruous union." Gifford believed that Chapman wrote the greater part of this comedy, but he gave no reasons for so singular an opinion. Dyce says, "Judging from internal evidence, I should say, that The Ball was almost entirely the composition of Shirley."<sup>2</sup> Baker says "Chapman assisted Shirley in this Comedy."<sup>3</sup> Fleay asserts that Chapman inserted passages which "are easily traceable in IV. 3 and V. 1."<sup>4</sup> Ward believes that if Chapman "gave any assistance to Shirley at all in this play, it must have been of the slightest description."<sup>5</sup> I cannot discover any traces of Chapman in the play, but it everywhere bears the stamp of Shirley's style. The dialogue is witty and sparkling. The play has the easy movement, characteristic of the younger dramatist's comedy. It lacks the philosophic utterance of Chapman, but contains the thinly veiled satire of Shirley. It will be noted that in the Memorandum of Herbert the play is assigned to Shirley alone. It should be remembered also that Chapman had not written comedy for at least twenty years. It would have been strange indeed had he been employed to collaborate with Shirley in writing a work

<sup>1</sup> *Malone's Shakespeare*, (1794), II, 191.

<sup>2</sup> *Shirley's Dramatic Works*, ed. Dyce, I, xix.

<sup>3</sup> *Biographica Dramatica*, II, 46.

<sup>4</sup> *Chronicle English Drama*, II, 238.

<sup>5</sup> *History of English Drama*, III, 107.

representative of the new comedy of manners. Equally irreconcilable is the idea that he revised it. I have been unable to discover any literary connection between Shirley and Chapman beyond that involved in *Chabot*.

*Chabot* is the story of a man so upright and honorable, that he refused to give his assent to an unjust bill even after the King had signed it. Several creatures and officials of the court whose schemes had been thus balked by Chabot sought to compass his ruin. They found allies in the Queen who disliked the wife of Chabot, and in Montmorencie, the Constable of France, a man of good impulses, but too easily influenced by others. The King was led to believe that Chabot had shown disrespect toward him, and, when the Admiral persisted in his determination to oppose the unjust measure favored by the King, appointed a Commission to investigate Chabot's acts. The Chancellor Poyet, to whom the matter was entrusted, was prejudiced against Chabot, and though only the most trivial offenses were proved against the Admiral, the Chancellor by means of threats forced the judges to sign a decree declaring him guilty of treason. The object of the King was to humiliate the Admiral by having his faults brought to light, not to punish him for their commission. Believing that his purpose was accomplished, the King offered to pardon Chabot; but the latter conscious of his own rectitude, refused to accept a pardon which implied that he had been guilty of crime. The King soon discovered how the conviction of the Admiral had been brought about; he summoned the Chancellor, and after denouncing him for his injustice, ordered him to trial for his perversion of justice. The Chancellor confessed his guilt and received a heavy sentence. The King now sought to advance Chabot to a position of greater trust, but the ordeal had been too much for the high-souled Admiral who soon died of a broken heart.

Few students of the drama can object to Swinburne's<sup>1</sup> enthusiastic estimation of the play. Koeppel, however, says, referring to the hero, "Der stolze, selbstbewusset Mann schreit im Drama wie ein prahlerischer Grobian, der jede dem Fürsten schuldige Rücksicht vergisst und ihm ein über das andere Mal versichert, dass seine Verdienste alle Gnadenbeweise mehr als aufwögen."<sup>2</sup> The distinguished German scholar fails to note the reason for Chabot's firmness, but the high sense of duty and official integrity would not have been lost upon an Elizabethan audience capable of appreciating personal independence. We have in Chabot not a "prahlerischer Grobian," but a man whom even the favor of his King could not tempt to do a wrong act. However, it may be questioned whether such an attitude was likely to find favor at a court whose monarch believed that the king could do no wrong.

The earliest mention of the source of *Chabot* was made by Langbaine, who writes: "For the Plot, see the French Chronologers, and Historians in the Reign of Francis the First; such as Paulus Jovius Arnoldus in his Continuation of Paulus Aemilius, Mart. Longeus De Serres, Mezeray, etc."<sup>3</sup> Koeppel<sup>4</sup> shows that none of these furnished material for Chapman. Mezeray must be rejected on chronological grounds; Paulus Jovius and Jean de Serres do not mention the process against the admiral, and Arnoldus contains but a short notice from which the most striking details of the drama are omitted. No historian named Martin Longeus has been found. Koeppel, however, has undoubtedly discovered one of the sources used by Chapman in a work entitled *Les Recherches de la France d'Estienne Pas-*

<sup>1</sup> *Essay on Chapman's Poetical and Dramatic Works*, ed. Shepherd pp. xliv-xlv.

<sup>2</sup> *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, p. 55.

<sup>3</sup> *English Dramatic Poets*, p. 477.

<sup>4</sup> *Quellen-Studien, zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, note p. 52.

*quier . . . Augmentees en ceste derniere edition de trois Liures entiers, outre plusieurs Chapitres entrelassez en chacun des autres Liures, tirez de la Bibliotheque de l'Autheur. A Paris MDCXXI.* The ninth chapter of book sixteen bears the title: “*Du procez extraordinaire fait, premierement à Messire Philippe Chabot Admiral de France, puis à Messire Guillaume Pouyet Chancelier.*” A comparison of the incidents of the drama with the contents of this chapter will show the extent of Chapman’s indebtedness to the French historian. Act I of *Chabot* deals with the reconciliation of Chabot, the Admiral of France, with the Constable Montmorency. The Treasurer, Chancellor and Secretary induce the Constable to enter a plot to undermine Chabot’s influence with the King. The latter is induced to sign an unjust decree, which Chabot not only refuses to allow but angrily tears into pieces. Of these facts no mention whatever is made in *Pasquier*, in fact the historian suggests that the King’s change of attitude to Chabot was due to a whim. “*Le Roy ne croyoit qu’en luy seul, entre ceux qui avoient son oreille. Toutesfois comme les opinions des Roys se changent sans sçauoir quelques-fois pourquoy, aussi commença-il auecques le temps de se lasser de luy, et en fin il luy despleut tout à fait.*” In Act II, the Queen urges the King to punish the Admiral for the affront offered to the royal name in tearing the bill; the Constable and Admiral meet and reproach each other; the King has an interview with the Admiral and threatens to issue a process against him, if he does not humble himself. Chabot, conscious of his own rectitude, refuses. The King sends for the Chancellor and directs him to bring the Admiral to trial. The substance of the interview between the King and Chabot is taken from *Pasquier*. Koeppel<sup>1</sup> shows that in many cases an almost literal

<sup>1</sup> *Quellen—Studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's, etc.*, p. 54

translation is made. The dramatist's use of his material is indicated by the following excerpts: "Entre ceux qui eurent bonne part en ses [Francois I] bonne graces, ce fut Messire Philippe Chabot, et ne trouue Seigneur de tout ce temps-là ny depuis qui eut approché nos Roys, lequel ait esté tant chargé de dignitez que cestuy. Car il estoit Cheualier de l'Ordre, Admiral de France, Lieutenant General du Roy au pays et Duché de Bourgongne, Conseiller au Conseil Priué, et en outre Lieutenant general de Monsieur de Dauphin aux Gouvernemens de Dauphiné et de Normandie."<sup>1</sup> Compare with this the following:

*King.* Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces  
You *Philip Chabot* a meane Gentleman  
Have not I rais'd you to a supremest Lord,  
And given you greater dignities than any?

Have not I made you first a Knight of the Order?  
Then Admirall of *France*, then *Count Byzanges*,  
Lord, and Livetenant generall of all  
My country, and command of *Burgady*;  
Livetenant generall likewise of my sonne  
*Dauphine*, and heire, and of all *Normandy*,  
And of my chiefly honor'd privy Counsell,  
And cannot all these powers weigh downe your will?<sup>2</sup>

The third act opens with the appearance of the accused Admiral, his wife and her father; the wife asserts her loyalty to her husband; the Queen accompanied by the enemies of the Admiral appears. The scene between the Queen and the wife and a similar scene at the beginning of the fourth act constitute the most effective parts of the play. Nowhere else has Chapman succeeded so well in his portrayal of women. Pasquier

<sup>1</sup> *Pasquier*, 1. c, p. 472 B.

<sup>2</sup> *Chabot*, Act II, ll. 213-226.

gives no hint of feminine influence upon the fortunes of Chabot. In reality it was not the Queen but the Duchesse d'Estampes, the mistress of the King, who was concerned in the matter. Gaspar de Saulx, Seigneur de Tavannes mentions the affair briefly as follows:

"Le Roy sort de la prison du bois de Vincennes Phillipes Chabot, admiral de France, confiné par commissaires, non par justice. Les dames avoient aidé à sa faveur, par les dames elle se pert, contendant madame d'Estampes avec madame l'admirale de Brion. Le connestable luy avoit nuit: la faveur n'admet de compagnon; il s'estoit roidy contre son maistre, et demande justice sans faveur. Sa liberté fur l'appointment de Madame d'Estampes, laquelle establie ne craignoit plus madame l'admirale. Les conditions fuerent la mariage du fils aîné de monsieur l'admirals, avec la niepce de madame d'Estampes."<sup>1</sup>

When one recalls Chapman's experience in connection with the Biron plays, it does not seem strange that he avoided mention of a mistress of the King in his subsequent dramas. That part of the third act which deals with the trial of the Admiral is taken from Pasquier. The speeches of the Proctor-general are close translations of the original narrative. The device of the Judges in affixing "vi." to their names appears in Pasquier; the offer of the King, Act IV, to pardon the Admiral and his refusal to accept the royal pardon are taken from the French narrative, but are slightly expanded by Chapman. Pasquier moralizes concerning the advantage of uprightness in a Judge as follows: "Je vous ay recité deux Histoires dont pourrez recueillir deux leçons: L'vene que quelque commission qu'un Juge reçoive de son Prince, il doit tousiours buter à la Justice, et non aux pasions de celuy qui le met en oeuvre, lequel reuenant avec le temps à son mieux penser, se repent a-près de sa soudaineté, et recognoist tout à loisir celuy

<sup>1</sup> *Nouvelle Collection des Mémoires*, VIII, 100.

estre indigne de porter le tiltre de Juge, qui a abusé de sa conscience pour luy complaire." Chapman puts this into the mouth of the King:

*King.* Be you two joyn'd in the commission,  
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning  
This one more lesson out of the events  
Of these affaires now past, that whatsoever  
Charge or Commission Judges have from us,  
They ever make their ayme ingenuous Iustice,  
Not partiall for reward, or swelling favour,  
To which if your King steere you, spare to obey;  
For when his troubled blood is cleere, and calme,  
He will repent that he pursued his rage,  
Before his pious Law, and hold that Judge  
Vnworthy of his place, that lets his censure  
Flote in the waves of an imagin'd favour,  
This shipwracks in the haven, and but wounds  
Their consciences that sooth the soone ebb'd humours  
Of their incensed King.<sup>1</sup>

The fifth act treats of the trial and conviction of the Chancellor and the death of Chabot. Some hints were furnished by Pasquier for the trial scene, but there is much in the dramatic account that is original or from other sources than Pasquier. Only a brief mention is made of the Admiral's death by the historian. "Le coup toutesfois du premier arrest l'vcera de telle façon qu'il ne suruesquit pas longuement." Chabot died June 1, 1543, more than two years after his trial.

It is evident then that the narrative of Pasquier furnished those parts of the drama which deal with the relations of Chabot and the King, the trial and conviction of the Admiral, and his subsequent pardon by the King. The narrative is slightly expanded by the dramatist, but in many cases there is an almost literal translation. The

<sup>1</sup> *Chabot*, Act IV, ll. 441-456.

same source doubtless furnished a few facts which were elaborated in the account of the trial of the Chancellor. Montmorency is named by Pasquier but not in connection with Chabot. The other characters are not mentioned by the historian. An examination of the works of the French chronologers of this period has failed to show anything (except the brief mention by de Saulx) that might have been used as a source. I cannot, however, regard these characters as the creation of Chapman. While not nearly all his plays have been traced to their sources, it is remarkable that in all the cases in which his sources have been discovered, his method is the same. He selects his episodes or incidents from different authors and follows the original closely; when there is expansion, it is due to Chapman's tendency to make his characters indulge in a train of philosophic reflection. This tendency is illustrated in the *Biron* plays and in *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*. The question whether Pasquier was the *immediate* source used by Chapman remains to be considered. Koeppel had made out a strong case in favor of his theory of Chapman's use of the original material; but Professor Boas in the article above mentioned seems to have proved that in the case of the *Biron* plays and *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* the dramatist used Grimeston's translation and not the original sources. It seems not unlikely that the historical matter used in writing *Chabot* was obtained from a similar source; but I have not been able to find any record of an English translation of Pasquier. There is none in the British Museum. Possibly a fuller investigation of the various stories from Italian and other sources might reveal the source of the minor scenes of this drama.

Mention has already been made of the reasons for the failure of this work as a dramatic production. I cannot but feel that there is another and a better reason for its failure. The play, which is essentially a comedy, is

converted into a tragedy. The fifth act is an excrescence. The first four acts have all the elements of serious comedy; there is nothing in them to prepare for the tragic scene of the fifth act. We have a fine example of a reconciling drama up to the beginning of that act. A plot is made against an honorable man, who can save himself only by compromising his honor; he is brought to trial and condemned; but by a sudden turn of the wheel the situation is changed, the guilty will be punished, and the upright Admiral elevated to a higher place of favor than he had before occupied. The death of Chabot serves no dramatic purpose unless one is to be found in his public forgiveness of the unjust Chancellor. It comes upon us just as the mind has accepted as proper and wise the solution of the fourthact. A part of the fifth act deals with the trial of the Chancellor, and though the manner in which the Proctor-general denounces the officer whom he so recently lauded is not without interest, from the dramatic point of view this second trial scene cannot be justified.

The principal anachronisms and inversions of historical facts have been mentioned. Chapman has probably neither more nor fewer of these than are to be found in the dramas of Shakespeare and the majority of the Elizabethan dramatists. He presents "not truth but things like truth." Fleay's supposition that "the play was an old one of Chapman's alluded to in *Northward Ho* and written c. 1604"<sup>1</sup> is disproved by the fact that at least one important source, Pasquier's narrative, was not published until 1621. Fleay continues, "The omission of proper names for the characters looks as if there were an under application intended. Could Chapman have written it concerning the Earl of Essex and Shirley have twisted it to point at Francis Bacon?" The fact that the drama could not have been written before

<sup>1</sup> *Chronicle of the English Drama*, II, 241.

1621 puts the first of these suggestions out of question as Essex had then been dead twenty years. The trial and conviction of Bacon occurred in 1621, but there is absolutely nothing in the drama that would lead to the identification of Bacon with Chabot. The circumstances attending the trials of the two men were entirely different. The charges against Bacon were specific; those against Chabot, general. Bacon was tried by the House of Lords; Chabot, by a Special Commission. Bacon sent a letter in which he admitted his guilt and implored the Lords to be merciful to him; Chabot appeared in person before his judges, denied his guilt, and though convicted, refused to accept pardon of the King. If any special application were intended by Chapman, it is much more likely that Bacon is to be identified with Poyet, the unjust Chancellor. There were doubtless very many persons who never forgave Bacon for the severity with which he attacked his former patron, the impulsive Essex, when that nobleman was brought to trial. These doubtless experienced a feeling of satisfaction when Bacon was himself convicted of receiving bribes and degraded from his high office. The speech of the Advocate at the trial of Chabot, bears a definite resemblance to the speech of Bacon at the trial of Essex. The plan is the same in both addresses: Both speakers compliment the judges upon their intelligence, both dwell upon the wickedness of a man who could meditate treason against his Sovereign; the goodness of the Sovereign is emphasized by both speakers; Bacon compares Essex to Cain; the Proctor-general compares Chabot to Brutus; Essex is urged not to justify his conduct; Chabot is reproached for justifying himself.

If the Chancellor of the drama can be identified with Bacon the eulogistic speech of the Proctor-general, wherein he refers to the Chancellor as "so full of equity, so noble, so notable in the progress

of his life, so innocent, in the manage of his office so incorrupt," is a fine piece of satire. A further resemblance is to be found in the sentences inflicted on Bacon and the Chancellor Poyet; both were sentenced to pay heavy fines, to lose their offices, to be incapable of again holding office and to suffer imprisonment. Sentences of this kind were common during the reign of King James, but the similarity of the punishments of the two men adds to the possibility of their identification.

The resemblances just enumerated are not offered as proofs of the identity of Poyet with Bacon, but as suggesting the possibility, or even probability that a satire upon the fallen Lord Chancellor was intended.



THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF  
CHABOT  
ADMIRALL OF  
FRANCE:

As it vvas presented by her  
Majesties Servants, at the private  
House in *Drury Lane*.

Written by George Chapman,  
and  
James Shirley.

LONDON,  
Printed by The Cores, for Andrew Crooke,  
and William Cooke.

1639.

## SPEAKERS.

|             |            |
|-------------|------------|
| ASALL.      | CHABOT.    |
| ALLEGRE.    | JUDGES.    |
| KING.       | OFFICERS   |
| QUEENE.     | SECRETARY. |
| TREASUROR.  | VUSHERS.   |
| CHANCELLOR. | CONSTABLE. |
| ADMIRALL.   | COURTIERS. |
| FATHER.     | PORTER.    |
| GENERALL.   | GUARD.     |

The *TRAGEDIE* of *PHILIP CHABOT,*  
*ADMIRALL of FRANCE.*

*Actus Primus.*

*Enter Asall, and Allegre.*

*Asall.* Now *Phillip Chabot, Admirall of France,*  
The great, and onely famous Favorite  
To *Francis* first of that Imperiall name,  
Hath found a fresh competitor in glory,  
(Duke *Montmorancie*, Constable of *France*)  
Who drinke as deepe as he of the stremme Royall,  
And may in little time convert the strength  
To raise his spring, and blow the others fall.

*Al.* The world would wish it so, that will not patiently  
Endure the due rise of a vertuous man. 10

*As.* If he be vertuous, what is the reason  
That men affect him not, why is he lost  
Toth' generall opinion, and become  
Rather their hate than love?

*Al.* I wonder you  
Will question it, aske a ground or reason  
Of men bred in this vile degenerate age;  
The most men are not good, and it agrees not  
With impious natures to allow whats honest,  
Tis an offence enough to be exalted  
To regall favours, great men are not safe 20  
In their owne vice, where good men by the hand  
Of Kings are planted to survey their workings;  
What man was ever fixt'ith Sphere of honour,  
And precious to his Soveraigne, whose actions,  
Nay very soule was not expos'd to every

Common and base dissection? and not onely  
 That which in Nature hath excuse, and in  
 Themselves is priviledg'd by name of frailtie,  
 But even Vertues are made crimes, and doom'd  
 To th' fate of Treason.

As. A bad age the while,  
 I aske your pardon Sir, but thinkes your judgement,  
 His love to Justice, and Corruptions hate  
 Are true and hearty?

Al. Judge your selfe by this  
 One argument, his hearty truth to all,  
 For in the heart hath anger his wisest seate,  
 And against unjust suites such brave anger fires him,  
 That when they seeke to passe his place and power,  
 Through mou'd, and urg'd by the other minion,  
 Or by his greatest friends, and even the King  
 Leave them to his allowance with his hand,  
 First given in Bill, assign'd, even then his spirit,  
 (In nature calme as any Summers evening)  
 Puts up his Whole powers like a Winters sea,  
 His bloud boyles over, and his heart even cracks  
 At the injustice, and he teares the Bill,  
 And would doe, were he for't to be torn in peeces.

As. Tis brave I sweare.

Al. Nay it is worthy your wonder  
 That I must tell you further, theres no Needle  
 In a Sunne Diall plac'd upon his steele  
 In such a tender posture, that doth tremble  
 The timly Diall being held amisse,  
 And will shake ever, till you hold it right  
 More tender than himselfe in any thing  
 That he concludes in Justice for the State:  
 For as a fower hold him, hee will shake  
 When he is sigring any things of weight,  
 Least human frailty should misguide his justice.

As. You haue declar'd him a most noble Justicer.

Al. He truly weighes and feelest Sir, what a charge  
 The subiects livings are (being even their lives

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60

Laid on the hand of power,) which abus'd<sup>1</sup> Though  
Though seene, blood flownot from the justice seate,  
Tis in true sence as grievous, and horrid.

*As.* It argues nothing lesse, but since your Lord  
Is diversly reported for his parts,  
Whats your true censure of his generall worth,  
Vertue and Iudgement.

*Al.* As of a Picture wrought to opticke reason,  
That to all passers by, seemes as they move  
Now woman, now a Monster, now a Divell,  
And till you stand, and in a right line view it,  
You cannot well judge what the maine forme is,  
So men that view him but in vulgar passes  
Casting but laterall, or partiall glances,  
At what he is, suppose him weake, unjust,  
Bloody, and monstrous, but stand free and fast,  
And judge him by no more than what you know  
Ingenuously, and by the right laid line  
Of truth, he truely, will all stiles deserve  
Of wise, just, good, a man both soule and nerve.

*As.* Sir, I must joyne in just beleefe with you,  
But whats his rivall the Lord high Constable?

*Al.* As just, and well inclin'd when hee's himselfe,  
(Not wrought on with the counsells, and opinions  
Of other men) and the maine difference is,  
The Admirall is not flexible nor wonne  
To move one scruple, when he comprehends  
The honest tract and justnesse of a cause,  
The Constable explores not so sincerely  
The course hee runnes, but takes the minde of others 90  
(By name Iudicall) for what his owne  
Iudgement, and knowledge should conclude.

*As.* A fault  
In my apprehension, anothers knowledge  
Applied to my instruction, cannot equall

---

<sup>1</sup> Dyce punctuates . . . . which abus'd,  
Though seen blood flow not, etc.

My owne soules knowledge, how to informe Acts;  
 The Sunnes rich radiance shot through waves most faire,  
 Is but a shaddow to his beames ith' ayre,  
 His beames that in the ayre we so admire,  
 Is but a darkenesse to his flame in fire,  
 In fire his fervour but as vapour flies  
 To what his owne pure bosome rarifies:  
 And the Almighty wisedom, having given  
 Each man within himselfe an apter light  
 To guide his acts, than any light without him  
 (Creating nothing not in all things equall)  
 It seemes a fault in any that depend  
 On others knowledge, and exile their owne.

*Al.* Tis nobly argued, and exemplified,  
 But now I heare my Lord, and his young rivall  
 Are to be reconcil'd, and then one light  
 May serve to guide them both.

*As.* I wish it may, the King being made first mover  
 To forme their reconcilement, and enflame it  
 With all the sweetnesse of his praise and honour.

*Al.* See, tis dispatch'd I hope, the King doth grace it.

*Loud Musicke, and Enter Vshers before, the Secretary, Tresuror, Chancellor, Admirall, Constable hand in hand, the King following, others attend.*

*Kin.* This doth expresse the noblest fruit of peace.

*Cha.* Which when the great begin, the humble end  
 In joyfull imitation, all combining  
 A gardian beyond the<sup>1</sup> 'hrigian knot  
 Past wit to lose it, or the sword, be still so.

*Tre.* Tis certaine Sir, by concord least things grow  
 Most great, and flourishing like trees that wrap  
 Their forehead in the skies, may these doe so.

*Kin.* You heare my Lord, all that is spoke contends  
 To celebrate with pious vote the attonement  
 So lately, and so nobly made betweene you.

<sup>1</sup>So printed in quarto.

100

110

120

*Ad.* Which for it selfe Sir,<sup>1</sup> resolve to keepe  
Pure, and inviolable, needing none  
To encourage or confirme it, but my owne  
Love and allegiance to your sacred counsell.      130

*Kin.* Tis good, and pleases, like my dearest health,  
Stand you firme on that sweete simplicitie.

*Con.* Past all earth pollicie that would infringe it.

*Kin.* Tis well, and answers all the doubts suspected.

*Enter one that whispers with the Admirall.*  
And what moves this close message *Phillip*?

*Adm.* My wifes Father Sir, is closely come to Court.

*King.* Is he come to the Court, whose aversation  
So much affects him, that he shunnes and flies it,  
What's the strange reason that he will not rise  
Above the middle region he was borne in?      140

*Adm.* He saith Sir, tis because the extreame of height  
Makes a man lesse seeme to the imperfect eye  
Then he is truely, his acts envied more,  
And though he nothing cares for seeming, so  
His being just stand firme twixt heaven and him,  
Yet since in his soules jealousie, hee feares  
That he himselfe advanced, would undervalue  
Men placed beneath him, and their businesse with him,  
Since height of place oft dazles height of judgement,  
He takes his toppe-saile downe in such rough stormes, 150  
And apts his sailes to ayres more temperate.

*Kin.* A most wise soule he has, how long shall Kings  
Raise men that are not wise till they be high?  
You haue our leave, but tell him *Phillip* wee  
Would have him neerer.

*Con.* Your desires attend you.

*Enter another.*

*Kin.* We know from whence you come, say to the  
Queene,  
We were comming to her, tis a day of love

<sup>1</sup> Dyce inserts *I.*

And she seales all perfection.

*Exit.*

*Tre.* My Lord,  
We must beseech your stay.

*Con.* My stay?

*Cha.* Our Counsells

Have led you thus farre to your reconcilement, 160  
And must remember you, to observe the end  
At which in plaine I told you then wee aim'd at,  
You know we all urg'd the attonement, rather  
To enforce the broader difference betweene you,  
Then to conclude your friendshipp, which wise men  
Know to be fashionable, and priviledg'd pollicie,  
And will succeede betwixt you, and the Admirall  
As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd  
A sute now to the King with all our hands,  
Which will so much increase his precise justice, 170  
That weighing not circumstancies of politicke State,  
He will instantly oppose it, and complaine,  
And urge in passion, what the King will sooner  
Punish than yeeld too, and so render you  
In the Kings frowne on him, the onely darling,  
And mediate power of *France*.

*Con.* My good Lord Chancellor,  
Shall I so late atton'd, and by the Kings  
Hearty and earnest motion, fall in peeces?

*Cha.* Tis he, not you that breake.

*Tre.* Ha not you patience  
So let him burne himselfe in the Kings flame? 180

*Cha.* Come, be not Sir infected with a spice  
Of that too servile equitie, that renders  
Men free borne slaves, and rid with bits like horses,  
When you must know my Lord; that even in nature  
A man is *Animall politicum*,  
So that when he informes his actions simply  
He does in both aginst pollicie and nature,  
And therefore our soule motion is affirm'd  
To be like heavenly natures circular,

And circles being call'd ambitious lines,  
We must like them become ambitious ever,  
And endles in our circumventions;  
No tough hides limiting our cheverill mindes.

190

*Tre.* Tis learnedly, and past all answer argued,  
Yare great, and must grow greater still, and greater,  
And not be like a dull and standing lake,  
That settles, putrifies, and chokes with mudde,  
But like a river gushing from the head,  
That windes through the undervailes, what checkes  
oreflowing

Gets strength still of his course,  
Till with the Ocean meeting, even with him  
In sway, and title, his brave billowes move.

200

*Con.* You speake a rare affection, and high soules,  
But give me leave great Lords, still my just thankes  
Remembred to your counsells and direction,  
I seeking this way to confirme my selfe  
I undermine the columnes that support  
My hopefull glorious fortune, and at once  
Provoke the tempest, though did drowne my envie,  
With what assurance shall the King expect  
My faith to him, that breake it for another,  
He has engag'd our peace, and my revenge  
Forfits my trust with him, whose narrow sight  
Will penetrate through all our mists, could we  
Vaile our designe with clouds blacker than night;  
But grant this danger over, with what Iustice,  
Or satisfaction to the inward Judge,  
Shall I be guiltie of this good mans ruine,  
Though I may still the murmuring tongues without me,  
Loud conscience has a voyce to shadder<sup>1</sup> greatnesse. 220

210

*Secr.* A name to fright, and terrifie young statists,  
There is necessitie my Lord, that you  
Must lose your light, if you ecclipse not him,  
Two starres so Lucide cannot shine at once

<sup>1</sup> Dyce and Shepherd read *shudder*

In such a firmament, and better you  
 Extinguish his fires, then be made his fuell,  
 And in your ashes give his flame a Trophy.

*Cha.* My Lord, the league that you have vow'd of  
 friendship,

In a true understanding not confines you,  
 But makes you boundlesse, turne not edge at such 230  
 A liberty, but looke to your owne fortune;  
 Secure your honour, a Precisian,  
 In state, is a rideculous miracle  
 Friendship is but a visor, beneath which  
 A wise man laughes to see whole families  
 Ruinde, upon whose miserable pile  
 He mounts to glory, Sir you must resolve  
 To use any advantage.

*Con.* Misery  
 Of rising Statesmen I must on, I see  
 That 'gainst the politicke, and priviledg'd fashion, 240  
 All justice tasts but affectation.

*Cha.* Why so? we shall do good on him ith'end. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Father and the Admirall.*

*Adm.* You are most welcome.

*Fa.* I wish your Lordships safetie,  
 Which whilst I pray for, I must not forget  
 To urge agen the wayes to fixe you where  
 No danger has accesse to threaten you.

*Adm.* Still your old argument, I owe your love fort.

*Fa.* But fortified with new and pregnant reasons,  
 That you should leave the Court.

*Ad.* I dare not Sir.

250

*Fa.* You dare be undone then.

*Ad.* I should be ingratefull

To such a master, as no subject boasted  
 To leave his service when they exact  
 My chiefest dutie, and attendance Sir.

*Fa.* Would thou wert lesse degraded from thy titles,  
 And swelling offices, that will ith'end

Engulfe thee past a rescue, I had not come  
So farre to trouble you at this time, but that  
I doe not like the loud tongues o' the world,  
That say the King has tane another favorite,  
The Constable a gay man, and a great,  
With a hugh traine of faction too, the Queene,  
Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary, and  
An army of state warriers, whose discipline  
Is sure, and subtile to confusion,  
I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calme.

260

*Adm.* Report has not abus'd you Sir.

*Fa.* It has not,

And you are pleas'd, then you doe mean to mixe  
With unjust courses, the great Constable  
And you combining, that no suite may passe

270

One of the graples of your eithers rape,  
I that abhor'd, must I now entertaine  
A thought, that your so straight, and simple custome  
To render Iustice, and the common good,  
Should now be patch'd with pollicy, and wrested  
From the ingenious step you tooke,

And hang

Upon the shoulders of your enemy  
To beare you out in what you shame to act.

*Adm.* Sir, We both are reconciled.

*Fa.* It followes then that both the acts must beare 280  
Like reconcilement, and if hee will now  
Maligne and mallice you for crossing him  
Or any of his faction in their suites,  
Being now atton'd, you must be one in all,  
One in corruption, and twixt you two millstones  
New pickt, and put together, must the graine  
Of good mens needfull meanes to live, be ground  
Into your choking superfluities;  
You both too rich, they ruinde.

*Adm.* I conceive Sir

Wee both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes 290  
Even with our places in our Soveraignes favour:

Though past the height of others, yet within  
 The rules of Law and Iustice, and approove  
 Our actions white and innocent.

*Fa.* I doubt it

While inforc'd shew perhaps, which will I feare  
 Prove in true substance but a Millers whitenesse,  
 More sticking in your clothes then conscience.

*Adm.* Your censure herein tasts some passion Sir,  
 And I beseech you nourish better thoughts,  
 Then to imagine that the Kings meere grace      300  
 Sustaines such prejudice by those it honours;  
 That of necessitie we must pervert it  
 With passionate enemies, and ambitious boundlesse  
 Avarice, and every licence incident  
 To fortunate greatnessse, and that all abuse it  
 For the most impious avarice of some.

*Fa.* As if the totall summe of favorites frailties  
 Affected not the full rule of their Kings  
 In their owne partially disposed ambitions,  
 And that Kings doe no hazard infinitely      310  
 In their free realties of rights and honours,  
 Where they leave much for favourites powers to order.

*Adm.* But wee have such a master of our King  
 In the Imperiall art, that no power flies  
 Out of his favour, but his policie ties  
 A criance to it, to containe it still;  
 And for the reconcilement of us Sir,  
 Never were two in favour, that were more,  
 One in all love of Iustice, and true honour,  
 Though in the act and prosecution      320  
 Perhaps we differ. Howsoever yet  
 One beame us both creating, what should let  
 That both our soules should both one mettle beare,  
 And that one stampe, one word, one character.

*Fa.* I could almost be won to be Courtier,  
 Theres some thing more in's composition,  
 Then ever yet was favourites.

*Enter a Courtier.*

Whats hee?

*Cour.* I bring your Lordship a sign'd bill, to have  
The addition of your honor'd hand, the counsell  
Have all before subscribed, and full prepar'd it. 330

*Ad.* It seemes then they have weigh'd the importance  
of it,

And know the grant is just.

*Cour.* No doubt my Lord,  
Or else they take therein the Constables word,  
It being his suite, and his power having wrought  
The King already to appose his hand.

*Adm.* I doe not like his working of the King,  
For if it be a suite made knowne to him,  
And fit to passe, he wrought himselfe to it,  
However my hand goes to no such grant,  
But first I'le know and censure it myselfe. 340

*Cour.* A he,<sup>1</sup> if thou beest goddesse of contention  
That *Love* tooke by the haire, and hurl'd from heaven  
Assume in earth thy empire, and this bill  
Thy firebrand make to turne his love, thus tempted  
Into a hate, as horrid as thy furies.

*Adm.* Does this beare title of his Lordships suite?

*Cour.* It does my Lord, and therefore he beseech'd  
The rather your dispatch.

*Adm.* No thought the rather,  
But now the rather all the powers against it,  
The suite being most injuste, and he pretending 350  
In all his actions justice, on the sudden  
After his so late vow not to violate it,  
Is strange and vile, and if the King himselfe  
Should owne and urge it, I would stay and crosse it,  
For tis within the free power of my office,  
And I should straine his kingdome if I past it,  
I see their poore attempts, and giddy malice;

<sup>1</sup>Até; so in Dyce and Shepherd.

Is this the reconcilement that so lately  
 He vow'd in sacred witnesse of the King?  
 Assuring me, he never more would offer  
 To passe a suite unjust, which I well know  
 This is, above all, and have often beene urg'd  
 To give it passage, be you Sir the Judge.

360

*Fa.* I wonot<sup>1</sup> meddle  
 With any thing of state, you knew long since.

*Adm.* Yet you may heare it Sir.

*Fa.* You wonot urge  
 My opinion then, go to.

*Adm.* An honest merchant  
 Presuming on our league of *France* with *Spaine*,  
 Brought into *Spaine* a wealthy ship, to vent  
 Her fit commodities to serve the country,      370  
 Which, in the place of suffering their saile  
 Were seas'd to recompence a *Spanish* ship  
 Priz'd by a *French* man, ere the league was made,  
 No suites, no letters of our Kings could gaine  
 Our merchants first right in it, but his letters  
 Vnreverently received, the Kings selfe scandal,  
 Besides the leagues breach, and the foule injustice  
 Done to our honest merchant, who endured all,  
 Till some small time since (authoris'd by our counsell,  
 Though not in open Court) he made a ship out,      380  
 And tooke a *Spaniard*, brings all home, and sues  
 To gaine his full prov'd losse, full recompence  
 Of his just prize, his prize is staid and ceaz'd,  
 Yet for the Kings disposure, and the *Spaniard*  
 Makes suite to be restor'd her, which this bill  
 Would faine get granted, faining (as they hop'd)  
 With my allowance, and way given to make  
 Our Countrey mans in *Spaine* their absolute prize.

*Fa.* I were<sup>2</sup> absolute injustice.

*Adm.* Should I passe it.

<sup>1</sup> Will not in Dyce and Shepherd.

<sup>2</sup> Twere in Dyce and Shepherd.

*Fa.* Passe life, and state before.

*Adm.* If this would seeme

390

His Lordships suite, his love to me, and justice  
Including plots upon me, while my simplenesse  
Is seriously vow'd to reconcilement;  
Love him good vulgars, and abhorre me still,  
For if I court your flatterie with my crimes,  
Heavens love before me fly, till in my tombe  
I sticke pursuing it, and for this bill,

Thus say twas shiver'd, blesse us equall heaven! *Exit.*

*Fa.* This could I cherish, now above his losse,  
You may report as much, the bill discharg'd Sir.

400

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter King and Queen, Secretary with the Torne Bill.*

*Kin.* Is it ene so.

*Que.* Good heaven how tame you are?

Doe Kings of *France* reward foule Traitors thus?

*Kin.* No Traitor, y'are too loude, *Chabots* no Traitor,  
He has the passions of a man about him,  
And multiplicite of cares may make  
Wise men forget themselves, come be you patient.

*Qu.* Can you be so, and see your selfe thus torne.

*Kin.* Our selfe.

*Qu.* There is some left, if you dare owne,  
Your royll character, is not this your name?

*Kin.* Tis *Francis* I confesse.

*Qu.* Be but a name

If this staine live upon't, affronted, by  
Your subject, shall the sacred name of King,  
A word to make your nation bow and tremble,

10

Be thus profain'd, are lawes establish'd  
 To punish the defacers of your image,  
 But dully set by the rude hand of others  
 Vpon your coine, and shall the character  
 That doth include the blessing of all *France*,  
 Your name, thus written by your royll hand  
 Design'd for Justice, and your Kingdomes honour, 20  
 Not call up equall anger to reward it?  
 Your Counsellors of state contemn'd and slighted  
 'As in this braine more circumscrib'd all wisedome,  
 And pollicy of Empire, and your power,  
 Subordinate and subject to his passion.

*Kin.* Come, it concernes you not.

*Qu.* Is this the consequence  
 Of an attonement made so lately betweene  
 The hopefull *Mountmorencie*, and his Lordship  
 Vrge<sup>2</sup> by your selfe with such a precious sanction;  
 Come, he that dares doe this, wants not a heart. 30  
 But opportunitie.

*Kin.* To doe what?

*Qu.* To teare your crowne off.

*Kin.* Come your language doth taste more  
 Of rage and womanish flame than solid reason  
 Against the Admirall, what commands of yours  
 Not to your expectation obey'd  
 By him, is ground of your so keene displeasure?

*Qu.* Commands of mine? he is too great, and powerfull  
 To stoope to my employment, a *Colossus*,  
 And can stride from one Province to another  
 By the assistance of those offices  
 You have most confidently impos'd upon him,  
 Tis he, not you take up the peoples eyes  
 And admiration, while his Princely wife.

*Kin.* Nay then I reach the spring of your distaste,  
 He has a wife,—

<sup>2</sup> A corrupt line: Shepherd reads, *As in his braine were*, etc.  
 Urged.

*Enter Chancellor, Treasurer, and whisper with the King.*

*Qu.* Whom for her pride I love not,  
And I but in her husbands ruine  
Can triumph ore her greatnessse.

*King.* Well, well, Ile thinke on't? *Exe.*

*Cha.* He beginnes to incline,  
Madam you are the soule of our great worke.

*Qu.* Ile follow, and employ my powers upon him. *50*

*Tre.* We are confident you will prevaile at last,  
And for the pious worke oblige the King to you.

*Cha.* And us your humblest creatures.

*Que.* Presse no further. *Exit Que.*

*Cha.* Lets seeke out my Lord Constable.

*Tre.* And inflame him.

*Cha.* To expostulate with *Chabot*, something may  
Arise from thence, to pull more weight upon him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Father and Allegre.*

*Fa.* How sorts the businesse? how tooke the King  
The tearing of his bill?

*Al.* Exceeding well,  
And seem'd to smile at all their grimme complaints,  
Gainst all that outrage to his highnesse hand, *60*  
And said in plaine, he sign'd it but to try  
My Lords firme Iustice.

*Fa.* What a sweete King tis?

*Al.* But how his rivall the Lord Constable  
Is labour'd by the Chancellor, and others to retort  
His wrong with ten parts more upon my Lord,  
Is monstrous?

*Fa.* Neede hee their spurres?

*Al.* 'I Sir, for hees afraid  
To beare himselfe too boldly in his braves  
Vpon the King (being newly entred Mynion)  
Since tis but patience sometime they thinke; *70*

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ay in Dyce and Shepherd.*

Because the favor spending in two streames,  
 One must runne low at length, till when he dare  
 Take fire in such flame, as his faction wishes,  
 But with wise feare containes himselfe, and so  
 Like a greene faggot in his kindling smoakes,  
 And where the Chancellor his chiefe Cyclops findes  
 The fire within him apt to take, he blowes,  
 And then the faggot flames, as never more  
 The bellowes needed, till the too soft greenenesse  
 Of his state habit, shewes his sappe still flowes,      80  
 Above the solid timber, with which, then  
 His blaze shrinkes head, he cooles, and smoakes agen.

*Fa.* Good man he would be, wod the bad not spoile  
 him.

*Al.* True Sir, but they still ply him with their arts,  
 And as I heard have wrought him, personally  
 To question my Lord with all the bitternesse  
 The galls of all their faction can powre in,  
 And such an expectation hangs upon't,  
 Though all the Court as twere with child, and long'd  
 To make a mirror of my Lords cleare blood,      90  
 And therein see the full ebbe of his flood,  
 And therefore if you please to counsell him  
 You shall performe a fathers part.

*Fa.* Nay since  
 Hees gone so farre, I wod not have him feare  
 But dare e'm, and yet ile not meddle int.

*Enter Admirall.*

Hees here, if he have wit to like his cause,  
 His spirit wonot be ashamed to die int.      *Exit.*

*Al.* My Lord retire, y'are way-laid in your walkes,  
 Your friendes are all fallen from you, all your servants  
 Suborn'd by all advantage to report      100  
 Each word you whisper out, and to serve you  
 With hat and knee, while other have their hearts.

*Adm.* Much profit may my foes make of such servants,

I love no enemy I have so well,  
To take so ill a bargaine from his hands.

*Al.* Their other oddes yet shun, all being combinde,  
And lodg'd in ambush ariv'd to doe you mischiefe  
By any meanes past feare of law, or soveraigne.

*Adm.* I wake no desart, yet goe arm'd with that,  
That would give wildest beasts instincts to rescue, 110  
Rather than offer any force to hurt me;  
My innocence is, which is a conquering justice,  
As weares a shield, that both defends and fights.

*All.* One against all the world.

*Adm.* The more the oddes,  
The lesse the conquest, or if all the world  
Be thought an army fit to employ against one,  
That one is argued fit to fight gainst all;  
If I fall under them, this breast shall beare  
Their heape digested in my sepulchre,  
Death is the life of good men, let e'm come. 120

*Enter Constable, Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary.*

*Con.* I thought my Lord our reconcilement perfect,  
You have exprest what sea of gall flow'd in you,  
In tearing of the bill I sent to allow.

*Adm.* Dare you confesse the sending of that bill.

*Con.* Dare, why not?

*Adm.* Because it breake your oath  
Made in our reconcilement, and betrays  
The honour, and the chiefe life of the King  
Which is his justice.

*Con.* Betraies?

*Adm.* No lesse, and that Ile prove to him.

*Omnes.* You cannot.

*Trea.* I would not wish you offer at an action 130  
So most impossibly, and much against  
The judgement, and favour of the King.

*Adm.* His judgement nor his favour I respect,  
So I preserve his Justice.

*Cha.* Tis not Iustice,  
 Which I'le prove by law, and absolute learning.  
*Adm.* All your great law, and learning are but words,  
 When I plead plainely, naked truth and deedes,  
 Which though you seeke to fray with state, and glory,  
 I'le shoote a shaft at all your globe of light,  
 If lightning split it, yet twas high and right. *Exit.* 140

*Con.* Brave resolution so his acts be just,  
 He cares for gaine not honour.

*Chan.* How came he then  
 By all his infinite honour and his gaine?

*Tre.* Well said, my Lord.

*Sec.* Answer but onely that.

*Con.* By doing justice still in all his actions.

*Sec.* But if this action prove unjust, will you  
 Say all his other may be so as well,  
 And thinke your owne course fitter farre than his.

*Con,* I will— *Exit.*

*Cha.* He cooles, we must not leave him, we have no 150  
 Such engine to remove the Admirall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King and the Admirall.*

*Kin.* I prethee *Philip* be not so severe  
 To him I favour, tis an argument  
 That may serve one day to availe yourselfe,  
 Nor Does it square with your so gentle nature,  
 To give such fires of envie to your bloud;  
 For howsoeuer out of love to Iustice,  
 Your Iealousie of that doth so incense you,  
 Yet they that censure it will say tis envy.

*Adm.* I serve not you for them, but for your selfe, 160  
 And that good in your Rule, that Iustice does you,  
 And care not this what others say, so you  
 Please but to doe me right for what you know.

*King.* You will not doe your selfe right, why should I  
 Exceede you to your selfe?

*Adm.* My selfe am nothing

Compar'd to what I seeke, tis justice onely  
The fount and flood, both of your strength and king-  
domes.

*King.* But who knowes not, that extreame justice is  
(by all ruld lawes) the extreame of injurie,  
And must to you be so, the persons that 170  
Your passionate heate calls into question  
Are great, and many, and may wrong in you  
Your rights of kinde, and dignities of fortune,  
And I advanc'd you not to heape on you  
Honours, and fortunes; that by strong hand now  
Held up, and over you, when heaven takes off  
That powerfull hand 'should thunder on your head,  
And after you crush your surviving seedes.

*Adm.* Sir, your regards to both are great, and sacred,  
But if the innocence, and right that rais'd me 180  
And meanes for mine, can finde no friend hereafter  
Of him that ever lives, and ever seconds  
All Kings just bounties with defence, and refuge  
In just mens races, let my fabricke ruine,  
My stocke want sap, my branches by the roote  
Be torne to death, and swept with whirlewindes out.

*King.* For my love no relenting.

*Adm.* No my leige,  
Tis for your love, and right that I stand out.

*King.* Be better yet advis'd.

*Adm.* I cannot Sir 190  
Should any Oracle become my counsell,  
For that I stand not out, thus of set will,  
Or pride of any singular conceite,  
My enemies, and the world may clearely know,  
I taste no sweetes to drowne in others gall;  
And to affect in that which makes me lothed,  
To leave my selfe and mine expos'd to all  
The dangers you propos'd, my purchas'd honours,  
And all my fortunes in an instant lost,  
That mony, cares, and paines, and yeares have gather'd,  
How mad were I to rave thus in my wounds, 200

Vnlesse my knowne health felt in these forc'd issues  
 Were sound, and fit, and that I did not know  
 By most true proofes, that to become sincere  
 With all mens hates, doth farre excede their loves,  
 To be as they are, mixtures of corruption?  
 And that those envies that I see pursue me  
 Of all true actions are the naturall consequents  
 Which being my object, and my resolute choise  
 Not for my good but yours, I will have justice.

*King.* You will have justice, is your will so strong 210  
 Now against mine? your power being so weake  
 Before my favour gave them both their forces  
 Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces  
 You *Philip Chabot* a meane Gentleman  
 Have not I rais'd you to a supremest Lord,  
 And given you greater dignities than any?

*Adm.* You have so.

*King.* Well sed, and to spurre your dullnesse  
 With the particulars to which I rais'd you,  
 Have not I made you first a Knight of the Order?  
 Then Admirall of *France*, then *Count Byzanges*, 220  
 Lord, and Livetenant generall of all  
 My country, and command of *Burgady*;  
 Livetenant generall likewise of my sonne  
*Daulphine*, and heire, and of all *Normandy*,  
 And of my chiefly honor'd privy Counsell,  
 And cannot all these powers weigh downe your will?

*Adm.* No Sir, they were not given me to that end,  
 But to uphold my will, my will being just.

*King.* And who shall judge that Justice, you or I?

*Adm.* I Sir, in this case your royll thoughts are fitly 230  
 Exempt from every curious search of one,  
 You have the generall charge with care of all.

*Kin.* And doe not generalls include particulars?  
 May not I Judge of anything compriz'd  
 In your particular as well as you?

*Adm.* Farre be the misery from you, that you may,  
 My cares, paines, broken sleepe therein made more

Than yours should make me see more, and my forces  
Render of better judgement.

*King.* Well Sir, grant  
Your force in this my odds in benefits  
Paid for your paines, put in the other scale, 240  
And any equall holder of the ballance  
Will shew my merits hoist yours to aire  
In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.

*Adm.* You merit not of me for benefits  
More than myselfe of you for services.

*King.* Ist possible.

*Adm.* Tis true.

*King.* Stand you on that?

*Adm.* I to the death and will approve to all men.

*Kin.* I am deceiv'd, but I shall finde good Judges  
That will finde difference.

*Adm.* Finde them being good.

*King.* Still so? what if conferring  
My bounties, and your services to sound them,  
We fall foule on some licences of yours,  
Nay, give me therein some advantage of you.

*Adm.* They cannot.

*King.* Not in sifting their severe discharges  
Of all your offices?

*Adm.* The more you sift  
The more you shall refine mee.

*King.* What if I  
Grant out against you a commission  
Ioyn'd with an extraordinary processe 260  
To arrest, and put you in lawes hands for triall.

*Adm.* Not with lawes uttermost.

*King.* Ile throw the dice.

*Adm.* And Ile endure the chance,  
The dice being square.

*Adm.* Repos'd in dreadlesse confidence, and conscience,  
That all your most extreames shall never reach,  
Or to my life, my goodes or honours breach.

*King.* Was ever heard so fine a confidence?

Must it not prove presumption, and can that  
 Scape brackes and errors in your search of law,  
 I prethee weigh yet, with more soule than danger, 270  
 And some lesse passion.

*Adm.* Witnesse heaven, I cannot.  
 Were I dissolv'd, and nothing else but soule.

*King.* Beshrew my blood, but his resolves amaze me;  
 Was ever such a Iustice in a subject,  
 Of so much office left to his owne swinge  
 That left to law thus, and his Soveraignes wrath,  
 Could stand cleare spight of both? let reason rule .  
 Before it come at law, a man so rare  
 In one thing cannot in the rest be vulgar,  
 And who sees you not in the broad high-way 280  
 The common dust up in your owne eyes, beating  
 In quest of riches, honours, offices,  
 As heartily in shew as most beleeve,  
 And he that can use actions with the vulgar,  
 Must needes embrace the same effects & cannot informe  
 him;

Whatsoever he pretends, use them with such  
 Free equitie, as fits one just and reall,  
 Even in the eyes of men, nor stand at all part:  
 So truly circular, so sound, and solid,  
 But have his swellings out, his crackes and crannies, 290  
 And therefore in this reason, before law  
 Take you to her, least you affect and flatter  
 Your selfe with mad opinions.

*Adm.* I were mad  
 Directly Sir, if I were yet to know  
 Not the sure danger, but the certaine ruine  
 Of men shot into law from Kings bent brow,  
 There being no dreame from the most muddie braine  
 Vpon the foulest fancie, that can forge  
 More horrour in the shaddowes of meere fame,  
 Then can some Lawyer in a man expos'd 300  
 To his interpretation by the King,  
 But these grave toyes I shall despise in death,

And while I live will lay them open so  
(My innocence laid by them) that like foiles  
They shall sticke of my merits tenne times more,  
And make your bounties nothing, for who gives  
And hits ith teeth, himselfe payes with the glory  
For which he gave, as being his end of giving,  
Not to crowne merits, or doe any good,  
And so no thankes is due but to his glory.

310

*King.* Tis brave I sweare.*Adm.* No Sir, tis plaine, and rude  
But true, and spotlesse, and where you object  
My hearty, and grosse vulgar love of riches,  
Titles, and honours, I did never seeke them  
For any love to them, but to that justice  
You ought to use in their due gift to merits,  
To shew you royall, and most open handed,  
Not using for hands talons, pincers, grapples;  
In whose gripes, and upon whose gord point,  
Deserts hang sprawleng out their vertuous limbs.

320

*King.* Better and better.*Adm.* This your glory is  
My deserts wrought upon no wretched matter,  
But shew'd your royall palmes as free, and moist,  
As *Ida*, all enchast with silver springs,  
And yet my merit still their equall sings.*King.* Sing till thou sigh thy soule out hence, and  
leave us.*Adm.* My person shall, my love and faith shall never.*King.* Perish thy love, and faith, and thee forever;  
Whose there?*Enter Asall.*

Let one goe for the Chancellor.

*Asa.* He's here in Court Sir.*King.* Haste and send him hither,  
This is an insolence I never met with,  
Can one so high as his degrees ascend?

330

Clime all so free, and without staine?  
My Lord

*Enter Chancellor.*

Chancellor, I send for you about a service  
Of equall price to me, as if againe  
My ransome came to me from *Parian* thralldome,  
And more, as if from forth a subjects fetters,  
The worst of servitudes my life were rescued.

*Cha.* You fright me with a Prologue of much trouble.

*King.* Me thinkes it might be, tell me out of all 340  
Your famous learning, was there ever subject  
Rais'd by his Soveraignes free hand from the dust,  
Vp to a height above Ayres upper region,  
That might compare with him in any merit  
That so advanc'd him? and not shew in that  
Grosse over-weening worthy cause to thinke  
There might be other over-sights excepted  
Of capitall nature in his sifted greatnesse.

*Chan.* And past question Sir, for one absurd thing  
granted,  
A thousand follow.

*King.* You must then employ 35  
Your most exact, and curious art to explore  
A man in place of greatest trust, and charge,  
Whom I suspect to have abus'd them all,  
And in whom you may give such proud veines vent.  
As wfull bewray their boyling bloud corrupted  
Both against my crowne and life.

*Cha.* And may my life  
Be curst in every act,  
If I explore him not to every finer.<sup>1</sup>

*King.* It is my Admirall.

*Cha.* Oh my good Leige  
You tempt, not charge me with such search of him. 360

<sup>1</sup> *Fibre* in Dyce and Shepherd.

*King.* Doubt not my heartiest meaning, all the troubles  
That ever mov'd in a distracted King,  
Put in just feare of his assaulted life  
And not above my sufferings for *Chabot*.

*Cha.* Then I am glad, and proud that I can cure you,  
For he's a man that I am studied in,  
And all his offices, and if you please  
To give authoritie.

*King.* You shall not want it.

*Cha.* If I discharge you not of that disease,  
About your necke growne, by your strange trust in  
him, 370  
With full discovery of the foulest treasons.

*King.* But I must have all prov'd with that free justice.

*Cha.* Beseech your Majestie doe not question it.

*King.* About it instantly, and take me wholly  
Vpon your selfe.

*Cha.* How much you grace your servant?

*King.* Let it be fiery quicke.

*Cha.* It shall have wings,  
And every feather shew the flight of Kings.

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*Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Chancellor attended, the Proctor generall whispering  
in his eare. Two Judges following. They past.*

*Enter Chabot in his gowne, a gaurd about him, his father  
and his wife on each side, Allegre.*

*Adm.* And have they put my faithfull servant to the  
racke,  
Heaven arme the honest man.

*Fa. Allegre* feeles the malice of the Chancellor.

*Adm.* Many upon the torture have confess  
Things against truth, and yet his paine sits neerer  
Than all my other feares, come don't weepe.

*Wife.* My Lord, I doe not grive out of a thought,  
Or poore suspition, they with all their malice  
Can staine your honour, but it troubles me,  
The King should grant this licence to your enemies, 10  
As he were willing to heare *Chabot* guilty.

*Adm.* No more, the King is just, and by exposing me  
To this triall, meanes to render me  
More happy to his subjects, and himselfe  
His sacred will be obey'd, take thy owne spirit,  
And let no thought infringe thy peace for me,  
I goe to have my honours all confirm'd;  
Farewell thy lip, my cause has so much innocence,  
It shanot neede thy prayer, I leave her yours  
Till my returne; oh let me be a sonne 20  
Still in your thoughts, now Gentlemen set forward.

*Exit.*

*Manente Father and Wife.*

*Fa.* See you that trust in greatnessse, what sustaines  
you,  
These hazards you must looke for, you that thrust  
Your heads into a cloud, where lie in ambush  
The souldiers of state in privy armes  
Of yellow fire jealous, and mad at all  
That shoote their foreheads up into their forges,  
And pry into their gloomy Cabbinets;  
You like vaine Citizens that must goe see  
Those ever burning furnaces, wherein 30  
Your brittle glasses of estate are blowne;  
Who knowes not you are all but puffe, and bubble  
Of breath, and fume forg'd, your vile brittle natures  
Cause of your dearenesse? were you tough and lasting,  
You would be cheape, and not worth halfe your face,

Now daughter Plannet strooke.

*Wif.* I am considering  
What forme I shall put on, as best agreeing  
With my Lords fortune.

*Fa.* Habit doe you meane,  
'f minde or body?

*Wif.* Both wod be apparell'd.  
*Fa.* In neither you have reason yet to mourne. 40  
*Wif.* Ile not accuse my heart of so much weakenesse:  
Twere a confession against my Lord. The Queene!

*Enter Queene, Constable, Treasurer, Secretary.*

She has exprest 'gainst me some displeasure.

*Fa.* Lets this way through the Gallery.

*Qu.* Tis she,  
Doe you my Lord say I wod speake with her?  
And has Allegre, one of chiefest trust with him  
Suffered the racke? the Chancellor is violent;  
And whats confess?

*Tre.* Nothing, he contemn'd all  
That could with any cruelst paine explore him,  
As if his minde had rob'd his nerves of sence, 50  
And through them diffus'd fiery spirits above  
All flesh and blood: for as his limbs were stretch'd,  
His contempts too extended.

*Qu.* A strange fortitude!  
*Tre.* But we shall lose th' arraignement.

*Qu.* The successe  
Will soone arrive.

*Tre.* Youle not appeare, my Lord then?  
*Con.* I desire  
Your Lordship wod excuse me.

*Tre.* We are your servants. *Exiunt. Tre. & Sec.*  
*Con.* She attends you Madam.  
*Qu.* This humblenesse proceedes not from your heart;  
Why, you are a Queene your selfe in your owne thoughts,  
The Admiralls wife of *France* cannot be lesse, 60

You have not state enough, you shold not move  
Without a traine of friends and servants.

*Wif.* There is some mystery  
Within your language Madam, I woud hope  
You have more charitie than to imagine  
My present condition worth your triumph,  
In which I am not so lost, but I have  
Some friends and servants with proportion  
To my Lords fortune, but none within the list  
Of those that obey mee can be more ready  
To expresse their duties, than my heart to serve  
Your just commands.

*Qu.* Then pride will ebbe I see,  
There is no constant flood of state, and greatnessse,  
The prodigie is ceasing when your Lord  
Comes to the ballance, hee whose blazing fires,  
Shot wonders through the Kingdome, will discover  
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

*Wif.* My Lord?

*Qu.* Your high and mighty Justicer,  
The man of conscience, the Oracle  
Of State, whose honorable titles      80  
Would cracke an Elephants backe, is now turn'd mortall,  
Must passe examination, and the test  
Of Law, have all his offices rip'd up,  
And his corrupt soule laid open to the subjects,  
His bribes, oppressions, and close sinnes that made  
So many grone, and curse him, now shall finde  
Their just reward, and all that love their country,  
Blesse heaven, and the Kings Justice, for removing  
Such a devouring monster.

*Fa.* Sir your pardon

Madam you are the Queene, she is my daughter,      90  
And he that you have character'd so monstrous,  
My sonne in Law, now gon to be arraign'd  
The King is just, and a good man, but't does not  
Adde to the graces of your royll person  
To tread upon a Lady thus dejected

By her owne griefe, her Lord's not yet found guilty,  
Much lesse condemn'd, though you have pleas'd to execute  
him.

*Qu.* What sawcy fellow's this?

*Fa.* I must confesse  
I am a man out of this<sup>1</sup> element  
No Courtier, yet I am a gentleman 100  
That dare speak honest truth to the Queenes eare,  
(A duty every subject wonot pay you)  
And justifie it to all the world, there's nothing  
Doth more eclipse the honours of our soule,  
Than an ill grounded, and ill followed passion,  
Let flie with noise, and license against those  
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

*Con.* Brave old man.

*Fa.* Cause you are a Queene to trample ore a woman,  
Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up,  
Strike out a Lyons teeth, and pare his clawes, 110  
And then a dwarfe may plucke him by the beard,  
Tis a gay victory.

*Qu.* Did you heare my Lord?

*Fa.* I ha done.  
*Wif.* And it concernes me to beginne,  
I have not made this pause through servile feare  
Or guiltie apprehension of your rage,  
But with just wonder of the heates, and wildnesse  
Has prepossest your nature gainst our innocence,  
You are my Queene, unto that title bowes  
The humblest knee in *France*, my heart made lower  
With my obedience, and prostrate duty, 120  
Nor have I powers created for my use,  
When just commands of you expect their service;  
But were you Queene of all the world, or something  
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us  
That I could reach you with my eyes and voyce,  
I would shoothe both up in defence of my

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<sup>1</sup> His.

Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

*Qu.* So brave.

*Wif.* So just and boldly innocent,  
I cannot feare arm'd with a noble conscience  
The tempest of your frowne, were it more frightfuli 130  
Then every fury made a womans anger,  
Prepar'd to kill with deaths most horrid ceremony,  
Yet with what freedome of my soule I can  
Forgive your accusation of my pride.

*Qu.* Forgive? what insolence is like this language?  
Can any action of ours be capable  
Of thy forgivenesse? dust! how I dispise thee?  
Can we sinne to be object of thy mercie?

*Wif.* Yes, and have dont already, and no staine,  
To your greatnessse Madam, tis my charity 140  
I can remit, when soveraigne Princes dare  
Doe injury to those that live beneath them,  
They turne worth pitty, and their prayrs, and tis  
In the free power of those whom they oppresse  
To pardon e'm, each soule has a prerogative,  
And priviledge royall that was sign'd by heaven,  
But though ith knowledge of my disposition  
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,  
I can forgive the injustice done to me,  
And striking at my person, I have no 150  
Commission from my Lord to cleere you for  
The wrongs you have done him; and still<sup>1</sup> he pardon  
The wounding of his loyaltie, with which life  
Can hold no ballance, I must talke just boldnesse  
To say—

*Fa.* No more, now I must tell you daughter  
Least you forget your selfe, she is the Queene,  
And it becomes not you to vie with her  
Passion for passion, if your Lord stand fast  
To the full search of Law, Heaven will revenge him,  
And give him up precious to good mens loves 160

<sup>1</sup> Shepherd reads *till*.

If you attempt by these unruly wayes  
To vindicate his justice, I me against you,  
Deere as I wish your husbands life and fame,  
Suffer<sup>1</sup> are bound to suffer, not contest  
With Princes, since their Will and Acts must be  
Accounted one day to a Judge supreme.

*Wif.* I ha done, if the devotion to my Lord,  
Or pietie to his innocence have led me  
Beyond the awfull limits to be observ'd  
By one so much beneath your sacred person,  
I thus low crave your royll pardon Madam;      170  
I know you will remember in your goodnesse,  
My life blood is concern'd while his least veine  
Shall runne blacke and polluted, my heart fed  
With what keepes him alive, nor can there be  
A greater wound than that which strikes the life  
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding  
Of this rude pile wee carry, as the soule  
Hath excellency above this earth-borne frailty:

My Lord, by the Kings will is lead already      180  
To a severe arraignement, and to Iudges,  
Will make no tender search into his tract  
Of life and state, stay but a little while,  
And *France* shall echo to his shame or innocence,  
This suit I begge with teares, I shall have sorrow  
Enough to heare him censur'd foule and monstrous,  
Should you forbeare to antidate my sufferings.

*Qu.* Your conscience comes about, and you incline  
To feare he may be worth the lawes condemning.

*Wif.* I sooner will suspect the starres may lose      190  
Their way, and cristall heaven returne to Chaos;  
Truth sits not on her square more firme than he;  
Yet let me tell you Madam, were his life  
And action so foule as you have character'd,  
And the bad world expects, though as a wife  
Twere duty I should weepe my selfe to death,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce and Shepherd read *Subjects*.

To know him falne from vertue, yet so much  
 I a fraile woman love my King and Country,  
 I should condemne him too, and thinke all honours  
 The price of his lost faith more fatall to me, 200  
 Than *Cleopatra's* aspes warme in my bosome,  
 And as much boast their killing.

*Qu.* This declares  
 Another soule than was deliver'd me,  
 My anger melts, and I beginne to pitty her,  
 How much a Princes eare may be abus'd?  
 Enjoy your happie confidence, at more leisure  
 You may heare from us.

*Wif.* Heaven preserve the Queene,  
 And may her heart be charitable.

*Fa.* You blesse and honour your unworthy servant.

*Qu.* My Lord, did you observe this?

*Con.* Yes great Madam, 210  
 And read a noble spirit, which becomes  
 The wife of *Chabot*, their great tie of marriage  
 Is not more strong upon em, than their vertues.

*Qu.* That your opinion? I thought your judgement  
 Against the Admirall, doe you thinke him honest?

*Con.* Religiously, a true, most zealous Patriot,  
 And worth all royll favour.

*Qu.* You amaze me,  
 Can you be just your selfe then, and advance  
 Your powers against him?

*Con.* Such a will be farre  
 From *Montmoranzie*, Pioners of state 220  
 Have left no art to gaine me to their faction,  
 And tis my misery to be plac'd in such  
 A sphere where I am whirl'd by violence  
 Of a fierce raging motion, and not what  
 My owne will would encline me, I shall make  
 This appeare Madam, if you please to second  
 My free speech with the King.

*Qu.* Good heaven protect all,  
 Haste to the King, Iustice her swift wing needes,

Tis high time to be good, when vertue bleedes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Officers before the Chancellor, Judges, the Proctor generall, whispering with the Chancellor, they take their places.*

To them

*Enter Treasurer and Secretary who take their places prepared on one side of the Court.*

To them

*The Captaine of the Guard, the Admirall following, who is plac'd at the barre.*

*Cha.* Good Mr. Proctor generall begin.

230

*Pro.* It is not unknowne to you my very good Lords the

Judges, and indeed to all the world, for I will make short worke, since your honourable eares neede not to be enlarged,

I speake by a figure with prolix enumeration how infinitly

the King hath favoured this ill favoured Traitor; and yet I

may worthily too insist and prove that no grace hath beene so

large and voluminous, as this, that he hath appointed such up-

right Judges at this time, and the chiefe of this Triumvirie, our Chancellor by name *Poyet*, which deriveth from the Greeke his Etymology from *Poyeni*, which is to make,

to

240

create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature, from

whence also is the name and dignitie of *Poeta*, which I will

not insist upon, in this place, although I am confident his Lordshippe wanteth no facultie in making of Verses: but

what addition I say is it to the honour of this Delinquent,  
that

he hath such a Judge, a man so learned, so full of equity, so  
noble, so notable in the progresse of his life, so innocent, in  
the manage of his office so incorrupt, in the passages of  
State

so wise, in affection to his country so religious, in all his  
services to the King, so fortunate, and exploring, as  
envie it- 250

selfe cannot accuse, or malice vitiate, whom all lippes will  
open to commend, but those of *Philip*; and in their  
hearts will

erect Altars, and Statues, Columnes, and Obelishes,  
Pillars

and Pyramids, to the perpetuitie of his name and memory.  
What shall I say? but conclude for his so great and  
sacred ser-

vice, both to our King and Kingdome, and for their everla-  
sting benefit, there may everlastingly be left here one  
of his

loynes, one of his loynes ever remaine I say, and stay  
upon this

Bench, to be the example of all Iustice, even while the  
North

and South Starre shall continue. 260

*Cha.* You expresse your Oratory Mr. Proctor,  
I pray come presently to the matter.

*Pro.* Thus with your Lordships pardon, I proceede, and  
the first thing I shall glance at, will be worth your Lord-  
ships

reflection, his ingratitude, and to whom? to no lesse  
person

than a King, and to what King, his owne, and our gen-  
erall So-

veraigne *Proh deum atque hominum fidem*; a King, and  
such a

King, the health, life, and soule of us all, whose very  
mention

drawes this salt water from my eyes ; for hee indeede is our  
eye, who wakes and watches for us when we sleepe,  
and

270  
who will not sleepe for him, I meane not sleepe, which the  
Philosophers call, a naturall cessation of the common  
and consequently of all the exterior sences, caused first  
and immediatly by a detension of spirits, which can have  
no communication, since the way is obstructed, by which  
these spirits should commearce, by vapours ascending  
from

the stomacke to the head, by which evaporation the  
rootes of

the nerves are filled, through which the annuall<sup>1</sup> spirits,  
to be

powred into the dwellings of the externall sences ; but  
sleepe

I take for death, which all know to be *Vltima linea*,  
who will

280  
not sleepe eternally for such a King as wee enjoy? If  
there-

fore in generall as hee is King of us all, all sharing and  
divi-

ding the benefits of this our Soveraigne, none should be  
so in-

gratefull as once to murmure against him, what shall be  
said of

the ingratitude more monstrous in this *Chabot*, for our  
*Francis*

hath loved, not in generall & in the croud with other  
subjects,

but particularly this *Philip* advanc'd him to the supreme  
dig-

nitie of a Statsman, lodg'd him in his very heart, yet  
*Monstrum*

horrendum; even to this *Francis* hath *Philip* beene  
ingratefull.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Animal* in Dyce and Shepherd.

*Brutus* the loved sonne hath stabbed *Caesar* with a  
Bodkin:

290

Oh what brute may be compared to him? and in what  
parti-

culars may this crime be exemplified; hee hath as wee say,  
chopt Logicke with the King, nay to the very teeth of his  
Soveraigne advance his owne Gnat-like merits, and  
justified

with *Luciferous* pride, that his services have deserved  
more

than all the bounty of our Munificent King hath paid him.

*Cha.* Observe that my Lords.

*Pro.* Nay he hath gone further, and most traiterously  
hath

committed outrage and impiety to the Kings owne  
hand, and

royall character, which presented to him in a bill from  
the

300

whole counsell, hee most violently did teare in peeces, and  
will doe the very body and person of our King, if your  
Justice

make no timely prevention, and strike out the Ser-  
pentine

teeth of this high, and more than horrible monster.

*Tr.* This was enforced home.

*Pro.* In the next place I will relate to your honours his  
most cruell exactions upon the subject, the old vant  
curriers of

rebellions. In the yeare 1536. and 37. This oppres-  
sour, and

this extortioneer, under pretext of his due taxation,  
being Ad-

mirall impos'd upon certaine Fishermen, (observe I  
beseech

310

you the circumstance of their persons, Fishermen) who  
♦poore

*Iohns* were embarqued upon the cost of *Normandy*,  
and fishing

there for Herrings (which some say is the king of Fishes)  
he  
impos'd I say twenty *souse*, and upon every boate *sixe*  
*liuers*,  
oh intollerable exaction! enough not onely to alienate  
the  
hearts of these miserable people from their King, which  
*I pse*  
*facto* is high treason, but occasion of a greater inconveni-  
ence, for want of due provision of fish among the sub-  
jects, for  
by this might ensue a necessitie of mortall sins, by break-  
ing the  
religious fast upon Vigils, Embers, and other dayes  
comman-  
ded by sacred authority, besides the miserable rut, that  
would  
follow, and perhaps contagion, when feasting and flesh  
should  
be licenced for every carnall appetite.—I could urge ma-  
ny more particulars of his dangerous insatiate and  
boundlesse  
Avarice, but the improvement of his estate in so few  
yeares,  
from a private Gentleman's fortune, to a great Dukes  
reve-  
newes, might save our soveraigne therein an Orator to en-  
force and prove faulty even to gyantisme against heaven.  
*Judg.* This is but a noise of words.  
*Pro.* To the foule outrages so violent, let us adde his  
Com-  
missions granted out of his owne presum'd authoritie, his  
Majestie neither infround or respected his disloyalties;  
infide-  
lities, contempts, oppressions, extortions, with innumer-  
able  
abuses, offences, and forfeits, both to his Majesties most  
royall

person, crowne, and dignitie, yet notwithstanding all these injustices, this unmatchable, unjust delinquent affecteth to be thought inculpable, and incomparable just; but alas my learned Lord, none knowes better than your selves, how easie the sinceritie of Iustice is pretended, how hard it is to be performed, and how common it is for him that hath lost colour of title to it, to be thought the very substance and soule of it, 340 he that was never true scholler in the least degree, longs as a woman with child to be great with scholler, she that was never with child longs *Omnibus vijs & modis* to be got with child, and will weare a cushion to seeme with child, and hee that was never just, will fly in the Kings face to be counted just, though for all he be nothing, but just, a Traytor.

*Sec.* The Admirall smiles.

*Jud.* Answer your selfe my Lord.

*Adm.* I shall, and briefely,

The furious eloquence of my accuser hath 350  
Branch'd my offences hainous to the King,  
And then his subject, a most vast indictment,  
That to the King I have justified my merit,  
And services; which conscience of that truth,  
That gave my actions life when they are questioned,  
I ought to urge agen, and doe without  
The least part of injustice; for the Bill  
A foule, and most unjust one, and prefer'd  
Gainst the Kings honour, and his subjects priviledge,  
And with a policie to betray my office, 360

And faith to both, I doe confesse I tore it,  
It being prest immodeſtly, but without  
A thought of diſobedience to his name,  
To whose mention I bow, with humble reverenſe,  
And dare appeale to the Kings knowledge of me,  
How farre I am in ſoule from ſuch a rebeſl,  
For the reſt my Lord, and you my honour'd Judges,  
Since all this mountaine all this time in labour  
With more than mortall fury againſt my life,  
Hath brought forth nougħt but ſome riđiculous ver-  
mine, 370

I will not wrong my right, and innocence,  
With any ſerious plea in my reply,  
To fruſtrate breath, and fight with terrible ſhadow  
That have beene forg'd, and forc'd againſt my ſtate,  
But leave all, with my life to your free censures;  
Onely beſeeching all your learned judgements  
Equall and pious conſcience to weigh.

*Pro.* And how this great and mighty fortune hath  
exalted  
him to pride is apparant, not onely in his braves and  
bearings  
to the King, the fountain of all this increase, but in his  
con- 380  
tempt and ſcorne of the ſubject his vast expences in buil-  
dings, his private bounties, above royll to ſouldiers and  
ſchollers, that he may be the Generall and Patron, and  
prote-  
ctor of armes and arts; the number of domēſtike at-  
tendants,  
an army of Grashoppers and gay Butterflies able to  
devoure  
the Spring; his glorious wardrobes, his ſtable of horses  
that  
are prick'd with provender, and will enforce us to weede up  
our Vineyards to ſow Oates for ſupply of their provision,  
his  
caroches ſhining with gold, and more bright than the

chariot  
 of the Sunne, wearing out the pavements; nay, he is  
 of late so 390  
 transcendently proud, that men must be his Mules,  
 and carry  
 him up and downe as it were in a Procession for men to  
 gaze  
 at him till their chines crackes with the weight of his  
 insup-  
 portable pride, and who knowes but this may prove a  
 fashion?  
 But who grones for this? The subject, who murmure,  
 and are  
 ready to beginne a rebellion, but the tumultuous say-  
 lers, and  
 water-rats, who runne up and downe the citie, like an  
 over-  
 bearing tempest, cursing the Admirall, who in duty  
 ought to  
 undoe himself for the generall satisfaction of his country-  
 men.

*Adm.* The varietie, and wonder now presented 400  
 To your most noble notice, and the worlds,  
 That all my life and actions, and offices,  
 Explor'd with all the hundred eyes of Law  
 Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath  
 Of an incenst, and commanding King,  
 And blowne with foes, with farre more bitter windes,  
 Then Winter from his Easterne cave exhailes,  
 Yet nothing found but what you all have heard,  
 And then consider if a peere of State,  
 Should be expos'd to such a wild arraignement 410  
 For poore complaints, his fame, faith, life, and honours  
 Racket for no more.

*Cha.* No more? good heaven, what say  
 My learned assistants.

1 *Iu.* My Lord, the crimes urg'd here for us to censure  
 As capitall, and worth this high arraignement

To me seeme strange, because they doe not fall  
In force of Law, to arraigne a Peere of State,  
For all that Law can take into her power  
To sentence, is the exactiōn of the Fishermen.

2 *Iu.* Here is no majesty violated, I consent to what  
my  
Brother has exprest.

*Cha.* Breake then in wonder,  
My frighted words out of their forming powers,  
That you no more collect, from all these forfeits  
That Mr. Proctor generall hath opened,  
With so apparant, and impulsive learning,  
Against the rage and madnesse of the offender,  
And violate Majestie (my learned assistants)  
When Majesties affronted and defied,  
It being compar'd with? and in such an onset  
As leap'd into his throate? his life affrighting?  
Be justified in all insolence, all subjects  
If this be so considered, and insult  
Upon your priviledg'd malice, is not Majestie  
Poyson'd in this wonder! and no felony set  
Where royltie is rob'd, and<sup>1</sup>  
Fie how it fights with Law, and grates upon  
Her braine and soule, and all the powers of Reason,  
Reporter of the processe, shew the sedule.

*No.* Here my good Lord.

1. No altering it in us.

2. Farre be it from us Sir.

*Cha.* Heres silken Iustice,  
It might be altered, mend your sentences.

440

*Both.* Not wee my Lord.

*Cha.* Not you? The King shall know  
You slight a duty to his will, and safety,  
Give me your pen, it must be capitall.

1. Make what you please my Lord, our doome shall  
stand.

---

<sup>1</sup>Dyce inserts *violate*.

*Cha.* Thus I subscribe, now at your perills follow.

*Both.* Perills my Lord? threatnes in the Kings free justice?

*Tre.* I am amaz'd they can be so remisse.

*Sec.* Mercifull men, pitifull Judges certaine.

1. Subscribe, it matters nothing being constrain'd. 450

On this side [V], and on this side, this capitall I

Both which: together put, import plaine Vi;

And witnesse we are forc'd.

2. Enough,

It will acquit us when we make it knowne,

Our names are forc'd.

*Cha.* If traiterous pride

Vpon the royall person of a King

Were sentenc'd unfelloniously before,

Ile burne my Bookes and be a Judge no more.

*Both.* Here are our hands subscrib'd.

*Cha.* Why so, it joyes me,

You have reform'd your justice and your judgement, 460

Now have you done like Judges and learned Lawyers,

The King shall thanke, and honour you for this,

Notary read.

*No.* We by his sacred Majestie appointed

Judges, upon due triall, and examination

Of *Philip Chabot* Admirall of *France*

Declare him guiltie of high treasons, &c.

*Cha.* Now Captaine of the gaurd, secure his person,

Till the King signifie

His pleasure for his death, this day is happy

To *France*, thus reskued from the vile devourer.

*A shoute within.*

Harke how the votes applaud their blest deliverance,

You that so late did right and conscience boast,

Heavens mercy now implore, the Kings is lost. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter King, Queene, and Constable.*

*Kin.* You raise my thoughts to wonder, that you  
Madam,

And you my Lord, unite your force to pleade  
Ith' Admiralls behalfe, this is not that  
Language you did expresse, when the torne Bill  
Was late pretended to us, it was then  
Defiance to our high prerogative,  
The act of him whose proud heart would rebell  
And arm'd with faction, too soone attempt  
To teare my crowne off.

*Qu.* I was ignorant

Then of his worth, and heard but the report  
Of his accusers, and his enemies, 10  
Who never mention in his character  
Shadowes of any vertue in those men,  
They would depresse like Crowes, and carrion birds,  
They flie ore flowrie Meades, cleare Springs, faire Gardens,  
And stoope at carcasses; for your owne honour  
Pitty poore *Chabot*.

*King.* Poore and a Colossus?  
What could so lately straddle ore a Province,  
Can he be fallen so low, and miserable,  
To want my pitty, who breakes forth like day, 20  
Takes up all peoples eyes, and admiration?  
It cannot be, he hath a princely wife too.

*Qu.* I interpose not often Sir, or presse you  
With unbecomming importunitie,  
To serve the profitable ends of others  
Conscience, and duty to your selfe inforce  
My present mediation, you have given

The health of your owne state away, unlesse  
Wisedome in time recover him.

*King.* If he proove  
No adulterate gold, triall confirmes his value. 30

*Qu.* Although it hold in mettle gracious Sir,  
Such fiery examination, and the furnace  
May wast a heart that's faithfull, and together  
With that you call the *feces*, something of  
The precious substance may be hazarded.

*King.* Why, you are the chiefe engine rais'd against  
him,

And in the worlds Creede labour most to sinke him,  
That in his fall, and absence every beame  
May shine on you, and onely guild your fortune,  
Your difference is the ground of his arraignement, 40  
Nor were we unsolicited by you,  
To have your bill confirm'd, from that that spring  
Came all these mighty and impetuous waves,  
With which he now must wrastle, if the strength  
Of his owne innocence can breake the storme,  
Truth wonot lose her servant, her wings cover him,  
He must obey his fate.

*Con.* I would not have  
It lie upon my fame, that I should be  
Mentioned in Story his unjust supplanter  
For your whole Kingdome, I have beene abused 50  
And made beleeve my suite was just and necessary,  
My walkes have not beene safe, my closet prayers,  
But some plot has pursued me, by some great ones  
Against your noble Admirall, they have frighted  
My fancy into my dreames with their close whispers,  
How to un cement your affections,  
And render him the fable, and the scorne  
Of *France*.

*Qu.* Brave *Montmorancie*.

*King.* Are you serious.

*Con.* Have I a soule? or gratitude, to acknowledge  
My selfe your creature, dignified and honor'd 60

By your high favours with an equall truth,  
I must declare the justice of your Admirall  
(In what my thoughts are conscious) and will rather  
Give up my claime to birth, title, and offices,  
Be throwne from your warme smile, the top and crowne  
Of subjects happinesse, then be brib'd with all  
Their glories to the guilt of *Chabots* ruine.

*King.* Come, come, you over act this passion,  
And if it be not pollicie it tastes  
Too greene, and wants some counsell to mature it, 70  
His fall prepares your triumph.

*Con.* It confirmes  
My shame alive, and buried will corrupt  
My very dust, make our house-genious grone,  
And fright the honest marble from my ashes:  
His fall prepare my triumph? turne me first  
A naked exile to the world.

*King.* No more,  
Take heede you banish not your selfe, be wise,  
And let not too much zeale devoure your reason.

*Enter Asall.*

*As.* Your Admirall  
Is condemn'd Sir?

*King.* Ha? strange! no matter,  
Leave us, a great man I see may be  
As soone dispatch'd, as a common subject.

80

*Qu.* No mercy then for *Chabot*.

*Enter Wife and Father.*

*Wif.* From whence came  
That sound of *Chabot*? then we are all undone:  
Oh doe not heare the Queene, she is no friend  
To my poore Lord, but made against his life,  
Which hath too many enemies already.

*Con.* Poore soule, shee thinkes the Queene is still  
against him,  
Who employeth all her powers to preserve him.

*Fa.* Say you so my Lord? daughter the Queen's our friend. 90

*Wif.* Why doe you mocke my sorrow! can you flatter Your owne grieve so, be just, and heare me sir, And doe not sacrifice a subjects blood To appease a wrathfull Queene, let mercy shine Vpon your brow, and heaven will pay it backe Vpon your soule, be deafe to all her prayers.

*King.* Poore heart, she knowes not what she has desir'd.

*Wif.* I begge my *Chabots* life, my sorrowes yet Have not destroid my reason.

*King.* He is in the power of my Lawes, not mine. 100

*Wif.* Then you have no power, And are but the emptie shadow of a King, To whom is it resign'd? where shall I begge The forfeit life of one condemn'd by Lawes To partiall doome?

*King.* You heare he is condemn'd then?

*Fa.* My sonne is condemn'd sir.

*King.* You know for what too.

*Fa.* What the Judges please to call it, But they have given't a name, Treason they say.

*Qu.* I must not be denied.

*King.* I must deny you. 110

*Wif.* Be blest for ever fort.

*Qu.* Grant then to her.

*King.* *Chabot* condemn'd by law?

*Fa.* But you have power

To change the rigor, in your breast there is  
A Chancellor above it, I nere had  
A suite before, but my knees joyne with hers  
To implore your royll mercy to her Lord,  
And take his cause to your examination,  
It cannot wrong your Judges, if they have  
Beene steer'd by conscience.

*Con.* It will fame your Iustice.

*King.* I cannot be prescrib'd, you kneele in vaine, 120

You labour to betray me with your teares  
To a treason above his, gainst my owne Lawes,  
Looke to the Lady— *Exeunt.*

*Enter Asall.*

*As.* Sir the Chancellor.

*King.* Admit him, leave us all.

*Enter Chancellor.*

How now my Lord?

You have lost no time, and how thrive the proceedings.

*Cha.* Twas fit my gracious Soveraigne, time should  
leave

His motion made in all affaires beside,  
And spend his wings onely in speed of this.

*King.* You have shew'd diligence, and whats become  
Of our most curious Iusticer, the Admirall? 130

*Cha.* Condemn'd sir utterly, and all hands set  
To his conviction.

*King.* And for faults most foule?

*Cha.* More than most impious, but the applausive issue  
Strooke by the concourse of your ravish'd subjects  
For joy of your free Iustice, if there were  
No other cause to assure the sentence just  
Were prooфе convincing.

*King.* Now then he sees cleerely  
That men perceive how vaine his Iustice was,  
And scorne him for the foolish net he wore  
To hide his nakednesse; ist not a wonder 140  
That mens ambitions should so blinde their reason  
To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride  
Rather in seeming, then in being just.

*Cha.* Seeming has better fortune to attend it  
Then being sound at heart, and vertuous.

*King.* Professe all? nothing doe, like those that live  
By looking to the Lamps of holy Temples,  
Who still are busie taking off their snuffes,  
But for their profit sake will adde no oyle;

So these will checke and sentence every fame,  
 The blaze of riotous blood doth cast in others,  
 And in themselves leave the fume most offensive,  
 But he to doe this? more deceives my judgement  
 Than all the rest whose nature I have sounded.

150

*Cha.* I know Sir, and have prov'd it.

*King.* Well my Lord  
 To omit circumstance, I highly thanke you  
 For this late service you have done me here,  
 Which is so great and meritorious  
 That with my ablest power I scarce can quit you.

*Cha.* Your sole acceptance (my dread soveraigne)  
 I more rejoice in, than in all the fortunes  
 That ever chanc'd me, but when may it please  
 Your Highnesse to order the execution?  
 The haste thus farre hath spar'd no pinions.

160

*King.* No my Lord, your care  
 Hath therein much deserv'd.

*Cha.* But where proportion  
 Is kept to th' end in things, at start so happy  
 That end set on the crowne.

*King.* Ile speede it therefore.

*Cha.* Your thoughts direct it, they are wing'd. *Exit.*

*King.* I joy this boldnesse is condemn'd, that I may  
 pardon,  
 And therein get some ground in his opinion  
 By so much bounty as saves his life,  
 And me thinks that weigh'd more, should sway the bal-  
 lance

170

Twixt me and him, held by his owne free Iustice,  
 For I could never finde him obstinate  
 In any minde he held, when once he saw  
 Th' error with which he laboured, and since now  
 He needs must feele it, I admit no doubt,  
 But that his alteration will beget  
 Another sence of things twixt him and me;  
 Whose there?

180

*Enter Asall.*

Goe to the Captaine of my guard, and will him  
To attend his condemn'd prisoner to me instantly.

*As.* I shall sir.

*Enter Treasurer & Secretary.*

*King.* My Lords, you were spectators of our Admirall.

*Tre.* And hearers too of his most just conviction,  
In which we witnest over-weight enough  
In your great bounties, and as they there were weigh'd  
With all the feathers of his boasted merits.

*King.* Has felt a scorching triall, and the test  
(That holds fires utmost force) we must give mettalls 190  
That will not with the hammer, and the melting  
Confesse their truth, and this same sence of feeling  
(Being ground to all the sences) hath one key  
More than the rest to let in through them all  
The mindes true apprehension, that thence takes  
Her first convey'd intelligence. I long  
To see this man of confidence agen:  
How thinke you Lords, will *Chabot* looke on mee,  
Now spoild of the integrity, he boasted?

*Sec.* It were too much honour to vouchsafe your  
sight. 200

*Tr.* No doubt my Leigh,<sup>1</sup> but he that hath offended  
In such a height against your crowne and person,  
Will want no impudence to looke upon you.

*Enter Asall, Captaine, Admirall.*

*Cap.* Sir, I had charge given me by this Gentleman  
To bring your condemn'd prisoner to your presence.

*King.* You have done well, and tell the Queene, and our  
Lord Constable we desire their presence, bid  
Our Admiralls Lady, and her father too  
Attend us here, they are but new withdrawne.

*As.* I shall sir!

---

<sup>1</sup> *Liege* in Dyce and Shepherd

*Tr.* Doe you observe this confidence? 210  
 He stands as all his triall were a dreame.  
*Sec.* Hele finde the horrour waking, the King's  
 troubled;  
 Now for a thunder-clap: the Queene and Constable.

*Enter Queene, Constable, Wife and Father.*

*Tr.* I doe not like their mixture.  
*King.* My Lord Admirall,  
 You made it your desire to have this triall  
 That late hath past upon you;  
 And now you feele how vaine is too much faith  
 And flattery of your selfe, as if your brest  
 Were prooef against all invasion, tis so slight  
 You see it lets in death, whats past, hath beene 220  
 To satisfie your insolence, there remaines  
 That now we serve our owne free pleasure, therefore  
 By that most absolute power, with which all right  
 Puts in my hands, these issues turnes, and changes,  
 I here in eare of all these, pardon all  
 Your faults and forfeits, whatsoever sensur'd,  
 Againe advancing, and establishing  
 Your person in all fulnesse of that state  
 That ever you enjoy'd before th' attainer.

*Tr.* Wonderfull, pardon'd!  
*Wif.* Heaven preserve the King. 230  
*Qu.* Who for this will deserve all time to honour him.  
*Con.* And live Kings best example.  
*Fa.* Sonne yare pardon'd,  
 Be sure you looke hereafter well about you.  
*Adm.* Vouchsafe great Sir to assure me what you said,  
 You nam'd my pardon.  
*King.* And agen declare it,  
 For all crimes past, of what nature soever.  
*Adm.* You cannot pardon me Sir.  
*King.* How's that *Philip*?  
*Adm.* It is a word carries too much relation  
 To an offence, of which I am not guilty,

And I must still be bold where truth still armes, 240  
In spight of all those frownes that would deject me  
To say I neede no pardon.

*King.* Ha, howes this?

*Fa.* Hees mad with over-joy, and answers nonsense.

*King.* Why, tell me *Chabot*, are not you condemn'd?

*Adm.* Yes, and that justifies me much the more,  
For whatsoever false report hath brought you,  
I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach  
To prejudice my life, my goods or honour,  
As first in firmenesse of my conscience,  
I confidently told you, not alas 250  
Presuming on your slender thred of favour,  
Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldnesse,  
But what my faith and justice bade me trust too,  
For none of all your learned assistant Judges,  
With all the malice of my crimes could urge,  
Or felony or hurt of sacred power.

*King.* Doe any heare this, but my selfe? My Lords,  
This man still justifies his innocence.  
What prodiges are these? have not our Lawes  
Past on his actions, have not equall Judges 260  
Certified his arraignement, and him guilty  
Of capitall Treason? and yet doe I heare  
*Chabot* accuse all these, and quit himselfe.

*Tr.* It does appeare distraction sir.

*King.* Did we  
Seeme so indulgent to propose our free  
And royall pardon without suite or prayer,  
To meeete with his contempt?

*Sec.* Vnhear'd of impudence!

*Ad.* I were malicious to my selfe, and desperate  
To force untruths upon my soule, and when  
Tis cleare, to confesse a shame to exercise 270  
Your pardon sir, were I so foule and monstrous  
As I am given to you, you would commit  
A sinne next mine, by wronging your owne mercy  
To let me draw out impious breath, it will

Release your wonder, if you give command  
 To see your processe, and if it prove other  
 Than I presume to informe, teare me in peeces.

*King.* Goe for the Processe, and the Chancellor,  
 With the assistant Judges. I thanke heaven *Exit As.*  
 That with all these inforcements of distraction 280  
 My reason stayes so cleare to heare, and answer,  
 And to direct a message. This inversion  
 Of all the loyalties, and true deserts  
 That I beleev'd I govern'd with, till now  
 In my choice Lawyers, and chiefe Counsellors  
 Is able to shake all my frame of reason.

*Adm.* I am much griv'd.

*King.* No more, I doe incline  
 To thinke I am abus'd, my Lawes betrai'd  
 And wrested to the purpose of my Judges,  
 This confidence in *Chabot* turnes my judgement, 290  
 This was too wilde a way to make his merits  
 Stoope and acknowledge my superior bounties,  
 That it doth raise, and fixe e'm past my art,  
 To shadow all the shame and forfeits mine.

*Enter Asall, Chancellor, Judges.*

*As.* The Chancellor and Judges Sir.

*Tre.* I like not  
 This passion in the King, the Queene and Constable  
 Are of that side.

*King.* My Lord, you dare appeare then?

*Cha.* Dare Sir, I hope.

*King.* Well done, hope still, and tell me,  
 Is not this man condemn'd?

*Cha.* Strange question Sir,  
 The processe will declare it, sign'd with all 300  
 These my assistant brothers reverend hands  
 To his conviction in a publike triall.

*King.* You saide for foule and monstrous facts prov'd  
 by him.

*Cha.* The very words are there sir.

*King.* But the deeds  
I looke for sir, name me but one thatts monstrous?  
*Cha.* His foule comparisons, and affronts of you,  
To me seem'd monstrous.

*King.* I told you them sir,  
Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,  
Being a man studied in him, could produce  
And prove as cleare as heaven, you warrantted 310  
To make appeare such treasons in the Admirall,  
As never all Lawes, Volumes yet had sentenc'd,  
And *France* should looke on, having scap'd with wonder  
What in this nature hath beene cleerely prov'd  
In his arraignement.

1. Nothing that we heard  
In slendrest touch urg'd by your Advocate.

*King.* Dare you affirme this too?

2. Most confidently.

*King.* No base corruptions charg'd upon him.

1. None sir.

*Tr.* This argues *Chabot* has corrupted him.

*Sec.* I doe not like this.

1. The summe of all 320

Was urg'd to prove your Admirall corrupt,  
Was an exaction of his officers,  
Of twenty *souse* taken from the Fishermen  
For every boate, and that fish'd the *Normand* coast.

*King.* And this was all  
The mountaines, and the marvells promist me,  
To be in cleere prooфе made against the life  
Of our so hated Admirall.

*Iud.* All sir,  
Vpon our lives and consciences.

*Cha.* I am blasted.

*King.* How durst you then subscribe to his conviction. 330

1. For threats by my Lord Chancellor on the Bench,  
Affirming that your Majestie would have it  
Made capitall treason, or account us traitors.

2. Yet sir, we did put to our names with this  
 Interposition of a note in secret  
 In these two letters *V*, and *I*, to shew  
 Wee were enforc'd to what we did, which then  
 In Law is nothing.

*Fa.* How doe you feele your Lordship,  
 Did you not finde some stuffing in your head,  
 Your braine should have been purg'd.

*Cha.* I fall to peeces, 340  
 Would they had rotted on the Bench.

*King.* And so you sav'd the peace of that high Court.  
 Which otherwise his impious rage had broken,  
 But thus am I by his malicious arts  
 A parly<sup>1</sup> rendred, and most tyrannous spurre  
 To all the open course of his base envies,  
 A forcer of my Judges, and a thirst  
 Of my nobilities blood, and all by one,  
 I trusted to make cleere my love of Iustice.

*Cha.* I beseech your Majestie, let all my zeale 350  
 To serve your vertues, with a sacred value  
 Made of your royll state, to which each least  
 But shade of violence in any subject  
 Doth provoke certaine death.

*King.* Death on thy name  
 And memory forever, one command  
 Our Advocate attend us presently.

*As.* He waites here.

*King.* But single death shall not excuse, thy skinne  
 Torne ore thine eares, and what else can be inflicted  
 If thy life with the same severity 360  
 Dissected cannot stand so many fires.

*Sec. Tre.* Be mercifull great Sir.

*King.* Yet more amaze?  
 Is there a knee in all the world beside  
 That any humane conscience can let bow  
 For him, yare traitors all that pitty him.

<sup>1</sup>Party in Dyce and Shepherd.

*Tr.* This is no time to move.

*King.* Yet twas my fault

To trust this wretch, whom I knew fierce and proud  
With formes of tongue and learning, what a prisoner  
Is pride of the whole flood of man? for as  
A humane seede is said to be a mixture  
And faire contemperature extracted from 370  
All out best faculties, so the seede of all  
Mans sensuall frailty, may be said to abide,  
And have their confluence in onely pride,  
It stupifies mans reason so, and dulls  
True sence of anything, but what may fall  
In his owne glory, quenches all the spirits  
That light a man to honour and true goodnesse.

*As.* Your Advocate.

*Enter Advocate.*

*King.* Come hither.

*Adv.* My most gracious Soveraigne.

380

*Adm.* Madam you infinitely oblige our duty.

*Qu.* I was too long ignorant of your worth my Lord,  
And this sweete Ladies vertue.

*Wif.* Both your servants.

*Adm.* I never had a feare of the Kings Justice,  
And yet I know not what creepes ore my heart,  
And leaves an ice beneath it, my Lord Chancellor,  
You have my forgivenesse, but implore heavens pardon  
For wrongs to equall justice, you shall want  
No charitie of mine to mediate  
To the King for you.

*Cha.* Horroure of my soule

390

Confounds my gratitudo.

*Con.* To me now most welcome.

*Adv.* It was my allegiance sir, I did enforce,  
But by directions of your Chancellor,  
It was my office to advance your cause  
Gainst all the world, which when I leave to execute,  
Flea me, and turne me out a most raw Advocate.

*King.* You see my Chancellor.

*Adv.* He has an ill looke with him.

*King.* It shall be your province now, on our behalfe  
To urge what can in justice be against him,  
His riot on our Lawes, and corrupt actions      400  
Will give you scope and field enough.

Adv. And I

Wil play my law prize, never feare it sir,  
He shall be guilty of what you please, I am studied  
In him sir, I will squeeze his villanies,  
And urge his acts so whom into his bowells,  
The force of it shall make him hang himselfe,  
And save the Lawes a labour.

King. Judges, for all  
The poisonous outrage, that this viper spilt  
On all my royall freedome and my Empire,  
As making all but servants to his malice,  
I will have you revise the late arraignement,  
And for those worthy reasons, that already  
Affect you for my Admiralls acquitall  
Employ your justice on this Chancellor, away with him,  
Arrest him Captaine of my guard to answer  
All that due course of Law against him can  
Charge both his Acts and life.

Cap. I doe arrest thee

Poyet Lord Chancellor in his Highnesse name,  
To answer all that equall course of Law  
Can charge thy acts and life with.

in charge thy acts and life with.  
Cha. I Obey

413

*King.* How false a heart corruption has, how base  
Without true worth are all these earth-bred glories?  
Oh blessed justice, by which all things stand,  
That stills the thunder, and makes lightning sinke  
Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike,  
Being prov'd so now in wonder of this man,  
The object of mens hate, and heavens bright love;  
And as in cloudy dayes, we see the Sunne  
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,  
All those left darke, and slighted in his way,  
And on the wretched plight of some poore shed,

430

M. T. Oli

Powres all the glories of his golden head;  
So heavenly vertue, on this envied Lord,  
Points all his graces, that I may distinguish  
Him better from the world.

*Tre.* You doe him right.

*King.* But away Judges, and pursue the arraignement  
Of this polluted Chancellor with that swiftnesse,  
His fury wing'd against my Admirall,  
And be you all, that sate on him compurgators  
Of me against this false Judge.

*Iud.* We are so.

440

*King.* Be you two joyn'd in the commission,  
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning  
This one more lesson out of the events  
Of these affaires now past, that whatsoever  
Charge or Commission Judges have from us,  
They ever make their ayme ingenuous Iustice,  
Not partiall for reward, or swelling favour,  
To which if your King steere you, spare to obey;  
For when his troubled blood is cleere, and calme,  
He will repent that he pursued his rage, 450  
Before his pious Law, and hold that Judge  
Vnworthy of his place, that lets his censure  
Flote in the waves of an imagin'd favour,  
This shipwracks in the haven, and but wounds  
Their consciences that sooth the soone ebb'd humours  
Of their incensed King.

*Con.* *Tre.* Royall and sacred.

*King.* Come *Philip*, shine thy honour now forever,  
For this short temporall ecclipse it suffer'd  
By th' interpos'd desire I had to try thee,  
Nor let the thought of what is past afflict thee, 460  
For my unkindnesse, live still circled here,  
The bright intelligence of our royall spheere. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quintus.**Enter Queene, Constable, Father.**Qu.* The Admirall sicke?*Fa.* With danger at the heart,  
I came to tell the King.*Con.* He never had  
More reason in his soule, to entertaine  
All the delights of health.*Fa.* I feare my Lord,  
Some apprehension of the Kings unkindnesse,  
By giving up his person, and his offices  
To the Lawes gripe and search, is ground of his  
Sad change, the greatest soules are thus oft wounded,  
If he vouchsafe his presence, it may quicken  
His fast decaying spirits, and prevent  
The hasty ebbe of life. 10*Qu.* The King is now  
Fraught with the joy of his fresh preservation,  
The newes so violent, let into his eare,  
May have some dangerous effect in him,  
I wod not counsell sir to that.*Fa.* With greater reason  
I may suspect they'l spread my Lord, and as  
A river left his curl'd and impetuous waves  
Over the bankes, by confluence of streames  
That fill and swell her channell, for by this time 20  
He has the addition of *Allegres* suffering,  
His honest servant, whom I met though feeble  
And worne with torture, going to congratulate  
His Masters safetie.*Qu.* It seemes he much  
Affected that *Allegre*.

*Con.* There will be  
But a sad interview and dialogue.

*Qu.* Does he keepe his bed?

*Fa.* In that alone

He shewes a fortitude, he will move, and walke  
He sayes while his owne strength or others can  
Support him, wishing he might stand and looke  
His destiny in the face at the last summon,  
Not sluggishly exhaile his soule in bed,  
With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.

*Qu.* Can he in this shew spirit, and want force  
To wrastle with a thought?

*Fa.* Oh Madam, Madam,  
We may have proofe against the sword, and tyranny  
Of boysterous warre that threatens us, but when  
Kings froune, a Cannon mounted in each eye,  
Shoote death to apprehension, ere their fire  
And force approach us.

*Enter King.*

*Con.* Here's the King.

*Qu.* No words

To interrupt his quiet.

*Fa.* Ile begon then.

*King.* Our Admiralls father! call him backe.

*Qu.* I wonot stay to heare e'm.

*Exit.*

*Con.* Sir, be prudent,  
And doe not for your sonne fright the Kings health. *Exit.*

*King.* What, ha they left us? how does my Admirall?

*Fa.* I am forbid to tell you sir.

*King.* By whom.

*Fa.* The Queene and my Lord Constable

*King.* Are there  
Remaining seedes of faction? have they soules  
Not yet convinc'd ith truth of *Chabots* honour,  
Cleare as the christall heaven, and bove the reach 50  
Of imitation.

*Fa.* Tis their care of you,

And no thought prejudicall to my sonne.

*King.* Their care of me?

How can the knowledge of my Admiralls state  
 Concerne their feares of me, I see their envie  
 Of *Chabots* happinesse, whose joy to be  
 Rendr'd so pure and genuine to the world  
 Doth grate upon their conscience and affright 'em;  
 But let 'em vexe, and bid my *Chabot* still  
 Exalt his heart, and triumph, he shall have      60  
 The accesse of ours, the kingdome shall put on  
 Such joyes for him as she would bost to celebrat.  
 Her owne escape from ruine.

*Fa.* He is not in state to heare my sad newes  
 I perceive.

*King.* That countenance is not right, it does not answer  
 What I expect,  
 Say, how is my Admirall?  
 The truth upon thy life.

*Fa.* To secure his, I would you had.

*King* Ha? Who durst oppose him?      70

*Fa.* One that hath power enough hath practised on him  
 And made his great heart stoope.

*King.* I will revenge it  
 'With crushing, crushing that rebellious power to nothing,  
 Name him.

*Fa.* He was his friend.

*King.* A friend to malice, his owne blacke impostume  
 Burne his blood up, what mischiefe hath ingendred  
 New stormes?

*Fa.* Tis the old tempest.

*King.* Did not we  
 Appease all horrors that look'd wilde upon him?

*Fa.* You drest his wounds I must confesse, but made  
 No cure, they bleede a fresh, pardon me sir,      80  
 Although your conscience have clos'd too soone,  
 He is in danger, and doth want new surgerie

<sup>1</sup>*Crushing, crushing.* The repetition is a printer's error.

Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,  
He thinkes you were unkinde.

*King.* Alas, poore *Chabot*,  
Doth that afflict him.

*Fa.* So much, though he strive  
With most resolv'd and Adamantine nerves,  
As ever humane fire in flesh and blood,  
Forg'd for example, to beare all, so killing  
The arrowes that you shot were (still your pardon)  
No Centaures blood could rancle so.

*King.* If this  
Be all, ile cure him, Kings retaine  
More Balsome in their soule then hurt in anger.

*Fa.* Farre short sir, with one breath they uncreate,  
And Kings with onely words more wounds can make  
Then all their kingdome made in balme can heale,  
Tis dangerous to play to wilde a descant  
On numerous vertue, though it become Princes  
To assure their adventures made in everything,  
Goodnesse confin'd within poore flesh and blood,  
Hath but a queazie and still sickly state, 90  
A musicall hand should onely play on her  
Fluent as ayre, yet every touch command.

*King.* No more,  
Commend us to the Admirall, and say,  
The King will visite him, and bring health.

*Fa.* I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move  
Nimbly with this command. 100  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Officers before, Treasurer, Secretary, and Judges,  
attended by Petitioners, the Advocate also with many  
papers in his hand, they take their places.  
The Chancellor with a guard, and plac'd at the Barre.*

*Tre.* Did you beleeve the Chancellor had beene  
So foule?

*Sec.* Hee's lost to th' people, what contempts  
They throw upon him? but we must be wise.

1 *Iud.* Were there no other guilt, his malice shew'd 110  
 Vpon the Admirall, in orebearing justice,  
 Would well deserve a sentence.

*Tre.* And a deepe one.

2 *Iud.* If please your Lordships to remember that  
 Was specially commended by the King,  
 As being most blemish to his royall person,  
 And the free justice of his state.

*Tre.* Already  
 He has confess upon his examinations  
 Enough for sensure, yet to obey forme—  
 Mr. Advocate if you please—

*Adv.* I am ready for your Lordships: It hath beene  
 said, 120  
 and will be said agen, and may truely be justified, *Omnia ex  
 lite fieri*. It was the position of Philosophers, and now  
 proved  
 by a more Philosophycall sect, the Lawyers, that *Omnia ex  
 lite fiant*, we are all made by Law, made I say, and  
 worthily  
 if we be just, if we be unjust, marr'd, though in marring  
 some,  
 there is necessitie of making others, for if one fall by the  
 Law,  
 tenne to one but another is exalted by the execution of the  
 Law, since the corruption of one must conclude the  
 genera-  
 tion of another, though not always in the same profes-  
 sion;  
 the corruption of an Apothecary, may be the generation  
 of a 130  
 Doctor of Physicke; the corruption of a Citizen may  
 beget a  
 Courtier, & a Courtier may very well beget an Alderman,  
 the  
 corruption of an Alderman may be the generation of a  
 Coun-

try Iustice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget  
a tumult,  
a tumult may beget a Captaine, and the corruption of  
a Cap-  
taine may beget a Gentleman-Vsher, and a Gentleman-  
Vsher  
may beget a Lord, whose wit may beget a Poet, and a  
poet  
may get a thousand pound a yeare, but nothing without  
cor-  
ruption.

*Tre.* Good Mr. Advocate be pleased to leave all digressions, and speake of the Chancellor. 140

*Adv.* Your Lordship doth very seasonably premonish, and

I shall not neede to leave my subject corruption, while  
I dis-  
course of him, who is the very fenne and stigian abisse of it,  
five thousand and odde hundred foule and impious  
corrupti-  
ons, for I will be briefe; have been found by severall  
exami-  
nations, and by oathes prov'd against this odious and  
polluted  
Chancelor, a man of so tainted, and contagious a life,  
that it is  
a miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrills, that have  
lived with-  
in the sent of his offices; he was borne with teeth in his  
head,  
by an affidavit of his Midwife, to note his devouring,  
and 150  
hath one toe on his left foote crooked, and in the forme  
of an  
Eagles talon, to foretell his rapacitie: What shall I say?  
branded, mark'd, and design'd in his birth for shame  
and oblo-  
quie, which appeareth further by a mole under his right

eare,  
with only three Witches haires int, strange and ominous  
pre-  
dictions of nature.

*Tre.* You have acquainted your selfe but very lately  
With this intelligence, for as I remember  
Your tongue was guilty of no such character,  
When hee sat Judge upon the Admirall, 160  
A pious incorrupt man, a faithfull and fortunate  
Servant to his King, and one of the greatest  
Honours that ever the Admirall received, was  
That he had so noble and just a Judge, this must  
Imply a strange volubilitie in your tongue, or  
Conscience, I speake not to discountenance any  
Evidence for the King, but to put you in minde,  
Mr. Advocate that you had then a better opinion  
Of my Lord Chancellor.

*Adv.* Your Lordship hath most aptly interpos'd, and  
with a 170  
word I shall easily satisfie all your judgements; He was  
then  
a Judge, and in *Cathedra*, in which he could not erre; it  
may  
be your Lordships cases, out of the chaire and seate of  
Iustice,  
he hath his frailties, is loos'ed and expos'd to the con-  
ditions of  
other humane natures; so every Judge, your Lordships  
are not  
ignorant, hath a kinde of priviledge while he is in his  
state,  
office and being, and although hee may *quoad se*, internally  
and privately be guilty of bribery of Iustice, yet *quoad*  
*nos*, and  
in publike he is an upright and innocent Judge, we are  
to take  
no notice, nay, we deserved to suffer, if wee should detect  
or 180

staine him; for in that we disparage the Office, which  
is the  
Kings, and may be our owne, but once remov'd from his  
place by just dishonour of the King, he is no more <sup>1a</sup> Judge but  
a common person, whom the law takes hold on, and  
wee are  
then to forget what hee hath beene, and without par-  
tialtie to  
strip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeit and cor-  
rupt Judge, as for example, hee may and ought to flourish  
in  
his greatnessse, and breake any mans necke, with as much  
faci-  
litie as a jeast, but the case being altered, and hee downe,  
eve-  
ry subject shall be heard, a Wolfe may be appareld in a  
Lamb- <sup>190</sup>  
skinne; and if every man should be afraid to speake  
truth, nay  
and more than truth, if the good of the subject which  
are cli-  
ents sometime require it, there would be no remove of Offi-  
cers, if no remove no motions, if no motion in Court no  
heate,  
and by consequence but cold Termes; take away this  
moving,  
this removing of Judges, the Law may bury it selfe in  
Buck-  
ram, and the kingdome suffer for want of a due execution;  
and now I hope your Lordships are satisfied.

*Tre.* Most learnedly concluded to acquit your selfe.

*Iud.* Mr. Advocate, please you to urge for satis-  
faction <sup>200</sup>

Of the world, and clearing the Kings honour, how  
Injustly he proceeded against the Admirall.

*Adv.* I shall obey your Lordship—So vast, so infi-  
nite hath beene the impudence of this Chancellor, not

onely toward the subject, but even the sacred person of the King, that I tremble as with a Palsie to remember it. This man, or rather this monster, having power and commission trusted for the examination of the Lord Admirall, a man perfect in all honour and justice; indeede the very ornament and second flower of *France*, for the *Flower de lis*, is sacred and above all flowers, and indeede the best flower in our garden. 210  
 Having used all wayes to circumvent his innocence by suborning and promising rewards to all his betrayers, by compelling others by the cruelty of tortures, as namely Mounsieur *Allegre* a most honest and faithfull servant to his Lord, tearing and extending his sinewes upon the racke to force a confession to his purpose, and finding nothing prevaile upon the invincible vertue of the Admirall.

*Sec.* How he would flatter him?  
*Adv.* Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraigne him; to be short against all colour of Iustice condemn'd him of high 220 treasons; oh thinke what the life of man is, that can never be recompenced; but the life of the just man, a man that is the vi- gour and glory of our life and nation to be torne to death, and sacrific'd beyond the mallice of common persecution.

What

Tiger of *Hercanian* breed could have beene so cruell?  
but this  
is not all? he was not guilty onely of murder, guilty I  
may say  
*In foro conscientiae*, though our good Admirall was  
miraculously  
preserv'd, but unto this he added a most prodigious &  
fearefull  
rape, a rape even upon Iustice it selfe; the very soule of  
our state,  
for the rest of the Judges upon the Bench, venerable  
images of <sup>230</sup>  
*Austria*,<sup>1</sup> he most tyranously compel'd to set their hands  
to his  
most unjust sentence; did ever story remember the  
like outrage  
and injustice; what forfeit, what penalty can be enough  
to  
satisfie this transcendent offence? and yet my good  
Lords,  
this is but veniall to the sacrilege which now followes, and  
by him committed, not content with this sentence, not  
satisfied  
with horrid violence upon the sacred Tribunall, but  
hee pro-  
ceedes and blasphemes the very name and honour of  
the King  
himselfe, observe that, making him the author and im-  
pulsive  
cause of all these rapines, justifying that he mov'd onely  
by his <sup>240</sup>  
speciall command to the death, nay the murder of his  
most  
faithfull subject, translating all his owne blacke and  
damnable

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<sup>1</sup> *Astrea* as in Dyce and Shepherd.

guilt<sup>2</sup> upon the Kings heires, a<sup>2</sup> traytor to his Country,  
 first, he  
 conspires the death of one whom the King loves, and  
 whom e-  
 very subject ought to honour, and then makes it no  
 conscience  
 to proclame it the Kings act & by consequence declares  
 him a  
 murderer of his owne, and of his best subjects.

*Within.* An Advocate, an Advocate, teare him in  
 peeces,  
 Teare the Chancellor in peeces.

*Tre.* The people have deepe sence of the Chancellors  
 injustice. 250

*Sec.* We must be carefull to prevent their mutiny.

*Iud.* It will become our wisedomes to secure the court  
 And prisoner.

*Tre.* Captaine of the guard.

*2.* What can you say for your selfe Lord Chancellor.

*Cha.* Againe, I confesse all, and humbly fly to  
 The royall mercy of the King.

*Tre.* And this submission is the way to purchase it.

*Cha.* Heare me great Judges, if you have not lost  
 For my sake all your charities, I beseech you,  
 Let the King know my heart is full of penitence, 260  
 Calme his high-going sea, or in that tempest  
 I ruine to eternitie, oh my Lords,  
 Consider your owne places, and the helmes  
 You sit at, while with all your providence  
 You steere, looke forth and see devouring quicksands,  
 My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride  
 Of state and greatnessse falling into nothing,  
 I that had never time through vast employments  
 To thinke of heaven, feele his revengefull wrath,  
 Boyling my blood, and scorching up my entrills, 270

<sup>2</sup> Dyce emeys "upon the King. Here's a traitor to his Country!"

'There doomesday is my conscience blacke and horrid,  
For my abuse of Iustice, but no stings  
Prickt<sup>2</sup> with that terrour as the wounds I made  
Vpon the pious Admirall, some good man  
Beare my repentance thither, he is mercifull,  
And may encline the King to stay his lightning  
Which threatens my confusion, that my free  
Resigne of title, office, and what else  
My pride look'd at, would buy my poore lives safety,  
For ever banish me the court, and let 280  
Me waste my life farre off in some Village.

*Adv.* How? Did your Lordships note his request to you,  
he would direct your sentence to punish him with confining  
him to live in the country, like the Mouse in the Fable,  
that  
having offended to deserve death, beg'd he might be  
banished  
into a Parmisan. I hope your Lordships will be more  
just to  
the nature of his offences.

*Sec.* I could have wish'd him fall on softer ground  
For his good parts.

*Tre.* My Lord, this is your sentence for your high  
misde- 290  
meanours against his Majesties Judges, for your unjust  
sentence  
of the most equall Lord Admirall, for many and foule  
corrup-  
tions and abuse of your office, and that infinite staine of  
the  
Kings person, and honour, we in his Majesties name,  
deprive  
you of your estate of Chancellor: & declare you un-  
capeable of  
any judiciall office, & besides condemne you in the sum  
of two

<sup>1</sup> Dyce emends *there's doomesday in my conscience*—

<sup>2</sup> *Prick.*

hundred thousand crownes; whereof one hundred thousand to  
 the King, and one hundred thousand to the Lord Admirall,  
 and what remaineth of your estate to goe to the resti-  
 tution of  
 those you have injur'd, and to suffer perpetuall im-  
 prisonment 300  
 in the Castle, so take him to your custody. Your Lord-  
 ships

have beene mercifull in his sentence. *Exit.*

*Cha.* They have spar'd my life then, that some cure  
 may bring,  
 'I spend it in my prayers for the King. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Admirall in his Gowne and Cap, his Wife.*

*Adm. Allegre* I am glad he hath so much strength,  
 I praythee let me see him.

*Wif.* It will but  
 Enlarge a passion—my Lord hee'le come  
 Another time and tender you his service.

*Adm.* Nay then—  
*Wif.* Although I like it not, I must obey. *Exit.*

*Enter Allegre supported.*

*Adm.* Welcome my injur'd servant, what a misery 310  
 Ha they made on thee?

*Al.* Though some change appeare  
 Upon my body, whose severe affliction  
 Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others,  
 My hurt<sup>2</sup> is still the same in faith to you,  
 Not broken with their rage.

*Adm.* Alas poore man!  
 Were all my joyes essentiall, and so mighty  
 As the affected world beleeves I taste,  
 This object were enough to unsweeten all,

<sup>2</sup> Dye reads I'll.

<sup>3</sup> Exit in Dye and Shepherd.

Though in thy absence I had suffering,  
And felt within me a strong sympathy,  
While for my sake their cruelty did vexe,  
And fright thy nerves with horrour of thy sence,  
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend  
More grieve than all my imagination  
Could let before into me; didst not curse me  
Vpon the torture?

320

*Al.* Good my Lord, let not  
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon  
Your memory, they could not punish more  
Then what my duty did oblige to beare  
For you and Iustice, but theres some thing in  
Your lookes, presents more feare than all the mallice  
Of my tormentors could affect my soule with,  
That palenesse, and the other formes you weare,  
Would well become a guilty Admirall, and one  
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man  
Vpon whose life the fury of injustice  
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of thunder,  
Can make no breach, I was not rack'd till now,  
Theres more death in that falling eye, than all  
Rage ever yet brought forth, what accident sir can  
blast,

330

340  
Can be so blacke and fatall to distract  
The calme? the triumph that should sit upon  
Your noble brow, misfortune could have no  
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued  
By the great arme of Providence, nor can  
Those garlands that now grow about your forehead  
With all the poyson of the world be blasted.

*Adm. Allegre,* thou dost beare thy wounds upon thee,  
In wide and spacious characters, but in  
The volumne of my sadness thou dost want  
An eye to reade an open force, hath torne  
Thy manly sinewes which sometime may cure  
The engine is not seene that wounds thy Master,  
Past all the remedy of art or time,

350

The flatteries of Court, of fame or honours;  
 Thus in the Sommer a tall flourishing tree,  
 Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves  
 And blooming pride upon her makes a shew  
 Of Spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossome,  
 But not the Sunne with all her amorous smiles, 360  
 The dewes of mornings, or the teares of night,  
 Can roote her fibers in the earth agen,  
 Or make her bosome kinde, to growth and bearing,  
 But the tree withers, and those very beames  
 That once were naturall warmth to her soft verdure  
 Dry up her sap and shoote a feaver through  
 The barke and rinde, till she becomes a burthen  
 To that which gave her life; so *Chabot, Chabot.*

*Al.* Wonder in apprehension, I must  
 Suspect your health indeede.

*Adm.* No no thou shanot 370  
 Be troubled, I but stirr'd thee with a morall,  
 Thats empty containes nothing, I am well,  
 See I can walke, poore man, thou hast not strength yet.

*Al.* What accident is ground of this distraction?

*Enter Admirall.*

*Adm.* Thou hast not heard yet whats become oth'  
 Chancellor?

*Al.* Not yet my Lord.

*Adm.* Poore gentleman, when I think  
 Vpon the King, I've balme enough to cure  
 A thousand wounds, have I not *Allegre?*  
 Was ever bountious mercy read in story,  
 Like his upon my life, condemn'd for sacrifice 380  
 By Law, and snatch'd out of the flame unlooked for,  
 And unpetitioned? but his justice then  
 That wod not spare whom his owne love made great,  
 But give me up to the most cruell test  
 Of Judges, for some boldnesse in defence  
 Of my owne merits, and my honest faith to him  
 Was rare, past example.

*Enter Father.*

*Fa.* Sir, the King  
Is comming hither.

*Al.* It will  
Become my duty sir to leave you now.

*Adm.* Stay by all meanes *Allegre*, 't shall concerne  
you, 390  
I'me infinitely honor'd in his presence.

*Enter King, Queene, Constable, and Wife.*

*King.* Madam be comforted, Ile be his Phisitian.

*Wif.* Pray heaven you may.

*King.* No ceremoniall knees,  
Give me thy heart, my deare, my honest *Chabot*,  
And yet in vaine I chalenge that tis here  
Already in my owne, and shall be cheris'h'd  
With care of my best life, violence<sup>1</sup>  
Shall ravish it from my possession,  
Not those distempers that infirme my blood  
And spirits shall betray it to a feare, 400  
When time and nature joyne to dispossesse  
My body of a cold and languishing breath,  
No stroake in all my arteries, but silence  
In every faculty, yet dissect me then,  
And in my heart, the world shall read thee living,  
And by the vertue of thy name write there,  
That part of me shall never putrifie,  
When I am lost in all my other dust.

*Adm.* You too much honour your poore servant sir,  
My heart dispares so rich a monument; 410  
But when it dies—

*King.* I wonot heare a sound  
Of any thing that trench'd<sup>2</sup> upon death,  
He speakes the funerall of my crowne that prophesies  
So unkinde a fate, weeble live and die together,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce inserts "no" before "violence."

<sup>2</sup> Dyce changes to *trencheth*.

And by that duty which hath taught you hitherto,  
 All loyall and just services I charge thee,  
 Preserve thy heart for me and thy reward,  
 Which now shall crowne thy merits.

*Adm.* I have found  
 A glorious harvest in your favour sir,  
 And by this overflow of royall grace, 420  
 All my deserts are shadowes and flie from mee,  
 I have not in the wealth of my desires,  
 Enough to pay you now, yet you encourage me  
 To make one suite.

*King.* So soone as nam'd possesse it.

*Adm.* You would be pleas'd take notice of this Gentle  
 man,

A Secretary of mine.

*Con.* Mounsieur *Allegre*,  
 He that was rack'd sir for your Admirall.

*Adm.* His limbs want strength to tender their full duty,  
 An honest man that suffers for my sake.

*King.* He shall be deare to us, for what has past sir 430  
 By the injustice of our Chancellors power,  
 Weele study to recompence, ith' meane time that office  
 You exercis'd for Chabot we translate  
 To our selfe, you shall be our Secretary.

*Al.* This is  
 An honour above my weake desert, and shall  
 Oblige the service of my life to satisfie it.

*Adm.* You are gracious, and in this act have put  
 All our complaints to silence, you *Allegre*,

*Enter Tresuror, Secretary.*

Cherish your health, and feeble limbs which cannot  
 Without much prejudice be thus employ'd; 440  
 All my best wishes with thee.

*Al.* All my prayers  
 Are duties to your Lordship—

*Exit.*

*King.* Tis too little,  
 Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a lasting

Imprisonment purge his offences to  
Our honest Admirall, had our person beene  
Exempted from his mallice, he did persecute  
The life of *Chabot* with an equall wrath,  
You should have powr'd death on his treacherous head,  
I revoke all your sentences, and make  
Him that was wrong'd full Master of his destiny, 450  
Be thou his judge.

*Adm.* O farre be such injustice,  
I know his doome is heavie, and I begge  
Where mercy may be let into his sentence  
For my sake you would soften it, I have  
Glory enough to be set right in yours,  
And my deare countries thought, and by an act  
With such apparent notice to the world.

*King.* Expresse it in some joy then.

*Adm.* I will strive  
To shew that pious gratitude to you but—

*Kng.* But what

460

*Adm.* My frame hath lately sir beene tane a peeces,  
And but now put together, the least force  
Of mirth will shake and unyoyn all my reason,  
Your patience royall sir.

*King.* Ile have no patience,  
If thou forget the courage of a man.

*Adm.* My strength would flatter me.

*King.* Phisitians,  
Now I begin to feare his apprehension,  
Why how is *Chabots* spirit falne?

*Qu.* Twere best  
He were convei'd to his bed.

*Wif.* How soone turn'd widdow.

*Adm.* Who would not wish to live to serve your good-  
nes,

470

Stand from me, you betray me with your feares,  
The plummets may fall off that hang upon  
My heart, they were but thoughts at first, or if  
They weigh me downe to death let not my eyes

Close with another object then the King,  
Let him be last I looke on.

*King.* I would not have him lost for my whole Kingdome.

*Con.* He may recover sir.

*King.* I see it fall,  
For Iustice being the proppe of every Kingdome  
And mine broke, violating him that was  
The knot and contract of it all in him,  
It already falling in my eare;

480

*Pompey* could heare it thunder, when the Senate  
And Capitoll were deafe, so heavens loud chiding,  
Ile have another sentence for my Chancellor,  
Vnlesse my *Chabot* live,

In a Prince  
What a swift executioner is a frowne,  
Especially of great and noble soules;  
How is it with my *Philip*?

*Adm.* I must begge  
One other boone.

*King.* Vpon condition  
My *Chabot* will collect his scatter'd spirits,  
And be himselfe agen, he shall divide  
My Kingdome with me.

490

*Fa.* Sweete King.

*Adm.* I observe  
A fierce and killing wrath engendred in you;  
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,  
Forgive your Chancellor, let not the story  
Of *Philip Chabot* read hereafter draw  
A teare from any family, I beseech  
Your royll mercy on his life, and free  
Remission of all seasure upon his state,  
I have no comfort else.

500

*King.* Endeavour  
But thy owne health, and pronounce generall pardon  
To all through *France*.

*Adm.* Sir I must kneele to thanke you,

It is not seal'd else, your blest hand live happy,  
May all you trust have no lesse faith then *Chabot*.  
Oh.

*Wif.* His heart is broken.

*Fa.* And kneeling sir,

As his ambition were in death to shew  
The truth of his obedience.

*Con.* I feard this issue.

*Tre.* Hees past hope.

*King.* He has a victory ins death, this world      510  
Deserv'd him not, how soone he was translated  
To glorious eternitie, tis too late  
To fright the ayre with words, my teares embalme him.

*Wif.* What can become of me?

*Qu.* Ile be your husband Madam, and with care  
Supply your childrens father, to your father  
Ile be a sonne, in what our love or power  
Can serve his friends, *Chabot* shall nere be wanting,  
The greatest losse is mine, past scale or recompence,  
We will proceede no further gainst the Chancellor, 520  
To the charitie of our Admirall he owes  
His life which ever banish'd to a prison,  
Shall not beget in us, or in the subject  
New feares of his injustice, for his fortunes  
Great and acquir'd corruptly, tis our will  
They make just restitution for all wrongs  
That shall within a yeare be prov'd against him;  
O *Chabot* that shall boast as many monuments  
As there be hearts in *France*, which as they grow,  
Shall with more love enshrine thee, Kings they say, 530  
Die not, or starve succession, oh why  
Should that stand firme, and Kings themselves despaire,  
To finde their subject still in the next heire.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

## NOTES.

## Act I.

51. *Timely*. Indicating time. The word is seldom found in this sense in Elizabethan English. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, I, 5. 3. "timely voices."

73. *Vulgar passes*. Common or ordinary situations.

88. *Tract*. Course, movement, line of action.

118-119. . . . . all combining  
*A gardian beyond the Phrygian knott*, etc.  
i. e. tying a Gordian knot that shall be so far superior to the celebrated Phrygian knot, that the ingenuity of man shall not be able to loose nor the sword to cut it.

136. *Closely*. Privately.  
*Hamlet*, III, 1, 29. We have *closely* sent for Hamlet hither.

151. *Apts.* Makes fit, adjusts. *Poetaster* I, 1. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will *apt* him to.

186. *Informes*. Gives form to, shape.

190. *Ambitious*. A Latinism; circular, or moving in a circle, —an exceedingly rare use of the word.

193. *Cheverill*. (M E. cheverelle < O F. chevrale, -elle, kid, diminutive of chevre.) Of the nature of cheverel leather: stretching, flexible, pliable, elastic, yielding. *Stubbes, Anatomy of Abuses*, II, 12. The lawiers have such *chauerell* consciences.

220. *Shadder*. Shudder, (i.e.) cause to shudder or be afraid. See ENGLISH DIALECT DICTIONARY, s.v. *shadder*. Possibly the word is a misprint for 'shatter' or 'shadow.'

221. *Statists*. Statesmen, politicians.  
*Cymbeline*, II, 4, 16: I do believe, *statist* though I am none, that this will prove a war.

232. *Precision*. One who gives undue attention to trifles.

253. . . . *Service when they exact*. One instance among many of the familiar Elizabethan use of a pronoun differing in number from its antecedent.

271. *Your either rape*. In M E. there are numerous examples of the use of either with a pronoun in the same case. (See New English Dictionary). After 1600 this use is rare.

316. *Criance*. A term used in falconry to denote the long fine line or cord attached to a hawk's leash by which she is restrained from flying away when being trained.

340. *Censure*. Judge, as always in Elizabethan English.

348, 349. *The rather*. Probably a play on two senses of the expression: in line 348, more *quickly*; in line 349, more *willingly*.

## Act II.

21. *Reward*. Recompense or requite. Used by Shakespeare in both a good and a bad sense.

46. *But*. Only.

173. *Kinde*. Birth, station.  
*Hamlet*, I, 2 65. A little more than *kin* and less than *kind*.

275. *Swinge*. Sway, control. *Induction, Mirror for Magistrates*, Stanza, 26.  
That whilome here bare *swinge* among the best

284. *Use*. Practice or employ.

285. *Informe*. Mend, make better.

287. *Reall*. Faithful, loyal.

299. *Fame*. Report.

336. *Pavian thraldome*.  
Francis I was defeated and captured in the battle of Pavia 1525. He was liberated after ceding a large part of his dominions to Charles V, not by paying a ransom. This is the only speech that differentiates the king from any other sovereign of France. If it were not for this personal reference the monarch portrayed here by Chapman might be Henry III, or Henry IV, as naturally as Francis I.

## Act III.

36. *Planet strooke*. Affected by supposed influence of planets.

182. *Will make*. Omission of the relative pronoun.

182. *Tract*. Course of life.

192. *Square*. Adjective used for noun.

220. *Pioners*. A sapper or miner; hence, figuratively, one who seeks to accomplish an object by underhand means: here, intriguing politicians.

307. *Vantcurriers* (Fr., properly *avant-courriers*). Fore-runners.

328. *Gyantism against heaven*. An allusion to the strife of the Giants or Titans against Jupiter and his throne.

332. *Infround or respected*. A misprint for "informed or suspected." Dyce and Shepherd retain "respected," but insert a semi-colon. There is no warrant for this insertion which makes an unnecessary change in the meaning of the passage.

354. *Conscience*. A synonym in Elizabethan times for consciousness, but probably here a misprint for *conscious*. The passage, ll. 352-355, is a fair example of Chapman's involved, often ungrammatical, style. The meaning evidently is: "Conscious of that truth that gave my actions life when they were questioned, I have justified my merits and services to the king."

370. *Hath brought forth nought but some ridiculous vermine*. An evident reminiscence of the familiar line of Horace; *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*. *ARS POETICA*, 1 139.

393. *Chines.* Backs.449. *Pitifull.* Used in a contemptuous sense, or perhaps, ironically.450. *On this side, and on this side, this capitall I.* After the first word "side" V should be inserted. The line is meaningless as printed in all editions.

## Act IV.

73. *House-genious.* Household genius or god, *lares penates*.130. *Curious.* Exact, fastidious.148-149. *Who still are busie taking off their snuffes,*  
*But for their profit sake will adde no oyle.*

That is, the care-takers of the lamps are busy taking off the charred portions of the wicks, because they keep the money intended for the purchase of oil.

159. *Quit.* Requite, repay.260. *Equall.* A Latinism (*aequus*): fair, just, impartial. So also in 1. 388.316. *Touch.* Defect, fault.*Troilus and Cressida*, III, 3. 175.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

323. *Souse.* The familiar French *sous*.371. *Contemperature.* Harmonious mixture.439. *Compurgators.* Witnesses: used in the Mediæval sense of one who bore testimony to the innocence or truth of the person accused.

## Act V.

20. *Her.* Their.33. *Nice.* Delicate: in a bad sense.75. *Inpostume.* A purulent swelling; an abscess.90. *Centaures blood.* An allusion to the blood of Nessus which Deianira used to poison the shirt of Hercules.96. *Descant.* An extemporaneous part or accompaniment played to a given melody.97. *Numerous.* Consisting of numbers; hence melodious, harmonious.231. *Austria.* A misprint for Astræa, the goddess of innocence and daughter of Themis, Justice.286. *Parmisan.* Parmesan: a cheese made in Parma.363. *Kinde.* Natural.399. *Infirme.* The transitive use of this verb was common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

515-533. The quarto gives this speech to the Queen, but the context shows that it belongs to the King.

